

Leyland chiefs threaten to resign over export role

Michael Edwardes, chairman of British Leyland, faces threats of further resignations by executives over his plans to reorganize the group. The managing director of the profitable truck and bus subsidiary is said to be threatening to leave unless changes are made in the scheme to be announced on Wednesday. Also threatening to go is the man in charge of exports to Europe. At issue is who will control truck exports.

Mr Edwardes caught between rival claims

January 20, Mr Reardon sought a meeting with the chairman, and it is understood, threatened to resign if the proposals went ahead.

Faced with the resignations which were announced yesterday of Mr Geoffrey Whalen and Mr Keith Hopkins, personnel director and sales and marketing director of Leyland Cars, respectively, Mr Edwardes, apparently backed down and restored Mr Reardon's overseas division.

A shocked management at Leyland and Bus learnt of that on Wednesday. Senior executives immediately promised their support for "vigorous action" by management.

A Leyland executive told *The Times* last night: "With all the good will in the world, and there was a great deal of it when he came forward to split it into separate profit centres. It does not believe that it can be done without creating massive administrative problems in defining the boundaries within which these separate units must operate. Now, with the new trouble at Leyland and Bus, it is clear that a general collapse is a distinct possibility. Who can blame them?"

£28.8m military orders: Leyland Truck and Bus has won four orders from the Ministry of Defence, totalling more than £28.8m, it was announced yesterday. They are for heavy breakdown trucks for the Army, airfield refuellers for the Navy, general purpose haulage tractors for the RAF, and 55-seat coaches for the Ministry.

National Front sympathizer: Management unions at Leyland Cars, Longbridge, Birmingham, will discuss on Monday the transfer of a former member of the National Front, Mr Ivor Morgan, from his work because his Nazi-style salutes were said to have upset colleagues.

Mr Morgan said last night that he had been a member of the National Front until four months ago, but he denied saluting in the factory.

Mr Edwardes' choice is a controversial one. The threatened resignation of Mr Jack Reardon, of Leyland International's as division and the manager of all commercial and car exports outside the UK, is a major blow. His demands were understood to be supported by Mr Andrews, formerly managing director of Leyland International, who was made vice-chairman of Leyland when Mr Alex resigned as chief executive.

Issue between Mr Edwardes and Mr Reardon is the question of who controls truck exports, manufacturing company or Leyland International. Until now it was understood that Mr Reardon had or Mr Edwardes' proposal to include the head of Leyland International, Mr Austin Morris, and Mr Reardon, to take over European and American exports of cars, Leyland Vehicles, proposed new name for Leyland would control elsewhere.

Had much to commend: The short term because sells few trucks in North America. The commercial vehicle goes to the rest of the world.

After those proposals confirmed at a meeting of senior executives in Nuffield, Piccadilly, on

ican threat of UN boycott if West imposes sanctions against Pretoria

Anticipating a veto by Britain, the United States of America, Mr Ramphul declared that the African group might decide to ask all African delegations to the Security Council to cease participating in the deliberations of the Security Council until such time as it meets its unique obligations to the people of South Africa.

On November 4 last year, the Security Council agreed unanimously to impose an arms embargo on South Africa, but earlier Britain, France and the United States had vetoed resolutions calling for a South African military and economic sanctions. They are also likely to veto any resolution calling for a curb on investment.

Earlier in his speech, Mr Ramphul called for an oil embargo as well as full-scale economic sanctions, which were "the single most important lever available."

The United Nations should set up machinery to ensure compliance with sanctions. Other representatives spoke in a similar vein. Mr Leon Ndongo, of Gabon, called for abolition of all economic, cultural and sporting links between South Africa and Mr Abdullah Bishara of Kuwait recommended "drastic measures" against Pretoria.

Prior speech assertion of authority in party

By Hugh Noyes
Parliamentary Correspondent
Westminster

Mr Prior, Conservative spokesman on employment and one of the most moderate of Mrs Thatcher's frontbench team, yesterday struck back at his colleagues in the Shadow Cabinet who at times in recent weeks have appeared to be usurping his responsibility for rebuilding a Tory industrial relations policy.

In an important and powerful speech in the Commons, he set out the aims of Conservative policy towards the unions in a manner that was well received in all parts of the House.

In striking contrast to the militancy of some of his colleagues towards the trade unions, notably Sir Geoffrey Howe, QC, the shadow Chancellor, and Sir Keith Joseph, the party's industry spokesman, Mr Prior urged tolerance, conciliation and consultation. The Conservatives, he said, believed that neither unions nor management wished for another great upheaval in industrial relations law.

Mr Prior would seem to have learnt well the unhappy lessons of the Industrial Relations Act. He promised that on returning to office the Conservatives would not undertake sweeping changes in the law. They would want to consider certain limited amendments which they believe to be essential, but before doing so they would review the situation carefully and consult all parties.

The hallmark of a successful industrial relations policy was even-handedness, achieved through full consultation. He said that coercion would not work.

As Mr Prior spoke there was evident consternation in some of the more militant quarters of the Labour benches, with MPs claiming that it was all very well for him to be saying these things, but his views did not represent those of the Party.

But there could be little doubt that here was Mr Prior, without mentioning any of his colleagues by name, reasserting his authority and declaring that as long as he was the party's spokesman on employment what he was saying was Conservative policy.

He accepted that not every Conservative would agree with what he was saying, but it was party policy none the less.

Friday afternoon in the Commons on the second reading of a private member's Bill—today it was Mr Millicent Fyfe's Employment Protection (Amendment) Bill—is not the usual stage for a party's senior spokesman to make an important speech. But Mr Prior made the most of the occasion.

Mr Millicent's Bill, which incidentally was given a second reading by 235 votes to 210, was almost forgotten in the interests of setting out Tory policy.

Even Mr Harold Walker, Minister of State for Employment, winding up for the Government, praised Mr Prior's speech, saying that there was much in it with which he agreed. He was pleased to hear him using words like consultation and conciliation.

Mr Prior insisted that the Tory approach to industrial relations was "wholly responsible". If they were to enjoy good relations in a free society, the weapons to be employed by government, industry and

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Muzorewa walkout halts talks in Salisbury

From Frederick Cleary
Salisbury, Jan 27

An angry Bishop Abel Muzorewa walked out of the Rhodesian internal settlement talks today saying he had been insulted by the Government delegation and angered by its "intransigence" over the question of the election of whites to a future black majority rule Parliament. The Government delegation was headed by Mr Smith, the Prime Minister.

Sources say other delegates were astonished when Bishop Muzorewa, leader of the United African National Council, formally objected to a hitherto agreed system of electing 28 whites to a future 100-seat assembly on a separate roll for white voters.

The bishop is reported to have denied agreeing to the proposal, saying he had always wanted only 20 whites elected on a common roll. One delegate is said to have accused him of dishonesty and another of lying. After the walkout the meeting was adjourned until Monday.

Apart from Bishop Muzorewa and Mr Smith, the others in the talks were the Rev Ndabandwe Sibhola, head of the African National Council (Sinhola) and Senator Chief Jeremiah Chirau, head of the Zimbabwe United Peoples' Organization (Zuppo).

The bishop said in a statement later: "I walked out today in utter disgust after being met with complete intransigence by the Government delegation on the question of the common roll."

His stand had met with "extremely abusive language" from the Government delegation. "It was this abusive language which triggered off our walkout."

It is believed in some quarters that Bishop Muzorewa may have been advised to waive the outcome of talks in London next week between Dr Owen, the Foreign Secretary, and the leaders of the Patriotic Front.

The Government today tightened its censorship rules with new regulations which appear to give the Minister of Information the power to dictate the wording of reports.

Nkomo warning, page 4

Troops stand guard in Tunis to prevent anti-government riots

From Michael Coleman
Tunis, Jan 27

Police and troops with fixed bayonets are stationed at every street corner in Tunis tonight to guard against any repetition of the anti-government riots which cost scores of lives yesterday.

Some streets are lined with men in khaki and tanks are said to be encircling the city.

It is not known exactly how many people died when the Army moved in yesterday to help riot police to suppress the thousands of young people roaming the capital in support of a one-day general strike which turned into an explosion of hate against the one-party regime. Libya radio puts the death toll at 62; a news agency says 40.

[The Confederation of Free Trade Unions in Brussels reported that at least 100 people were killed. It said Mr Habib Achour, secretary-general of the General Union of Tunisian Workers (UGTT) had been placed under house arrest. Three MPs had been arrested.]

The strike called by the UGTT, the country's only trade union organization, has totally severed its relationship with the Government and the ruling Socialist Destourien Party.

It was the first general strike since independence was won from the French in 1956 and was called by the union despite appeals from the governing party that the country's fragile economy could not afford it.

It was not simply a strike over a wage claim or conditions of employment. Crowds of young people rushed through the streets, smashing shop windows, pulling window displays out on to the pavements and destroying them.

Many added, while not joining in the rioting, expressed a sympathy for the real motive behind the strike: the demand for a choice of government. From a reading of the constitution this does not seem to be denied, but in practice it is.

A new generation has come forward since President Habib Bourguiba guided the country out of colonialism, and it seems tired of the constant appeals for loyalty to the leader.

Certainly, the crowds were chanting for a Habib last night but it was in support of Mr Habib Achour, Secretary-General of the UGTT. "Away with the government of Bourguiba," they were singing. "We shall sacrifice our lives, Our blood for Habib Achour." Mr Hedi Nouria is the Prime Minister.

The violence began on Wednesday night when workers in the Ministry of Agriculture were called out on strike in advance. Lorries of Le Bop—the armed riot police—suddenly appeared and before long canisters of tear gas were being thrown into the crowds.

I had just left the government building in the Kasbah after an interview with Mr Nouria, who told me I was against the strike.

"It will cost us 4m dinars a day (£5m) and we have not the reserves to cover this," he said. In the Government's view, the strike is the work of external agents backing Marxist and Baathist ideologies.

Walking to the British Embassy, in the Porte de France, I was suddenly engulfed in tear gas and found the embassy in the thick of the battle.

Employees wishing to leave were sheltering behind their heavy front doors as police broke up crowds approaching from the UGTT headquarters in the narrow Rue Monji Slim. People in civilian clothes who I later learnt were police stopped me taking photographs. They said they would smash my camera.

All day crowds circulated in the capital. No sooner was one group dispersed than another formed. The rioters seemed oblivious of the guns of the soldiers and as dusk fell the fighting became vicious.

Leaving the Hotel d'Afrique after a vain attempt to telegraph a story to *The Times*, I saw the police suddenly rush down a side road and grab people, throwing them to the ground.

Three policemen were kicking one man brutally and ambulances came in to take away casualties. A state of emergency was declared at 8 pm. Tonight everyone had to be off the streets by 6 pm.

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From Michael Binyon
Manchester, Jan 27

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Poor showing by Soviet farms and industry

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Agriculture, into which so much investment has been poured in the last few years, up to its reputation as the Achilles heel of the Soviet economy. Overall agricultural output in 1977 was only 3 per cent more than in 1976, and the grain crop was 17 million tonnes less than planned.

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Elland Road closed for FA Cup ties

From Michael Binyon
Manchester, Jan 27

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HOME NEWS

Ministers plan moves to salvage Scotland Bill as Tories prepare for battle in the Lords

By Michael Hatfield
Political Reporter

Ministers involved in salvaging the wreckage of the Scotland Bill, which came to grief in the Commons on Wednesday, are to meet early next week to seek to repair the damage.

The intention is to introduce an amendment at report stage which will remove the effects of the anti-devolutionist amendment requiring the repeal of the devolution legislation if less than two-fifths of the Scottish electorate votes "Yes" in the proposed referendum.

Even if any new formula proves acceptable and Mr. Foot, Leader of the House, manages to steer the Bill through all its remaining Commons stages, trouble lies ahead in the House of Lords.

It was learnt last night that Lord Ferrers, joint deputy Opposition leader and a determined opponent of the Bill, has been selected to head the Tory team when the Bill reaches the peers.

Conservative leaders insisted last night that the Tories would behave responsibly over the Bill and would table only amendments they thought essential. There would be no attempt deliberately to delay the Bill to prevent it from reaching the statute book by August.

But ministers fear the worst, particularly as the Conservatives have chosen a strident opponent of the Bill to lead for the party.

Mr. Enoch Powell yesterday delivered the devolution argument when he appeared to advise people in Scotland to

vote Conservative in the next general election. He also implied that the English should do the same to avert the break-up of the United Kingdom.

At the end of a speech in Glasgow Mr. Powell said: "In almost every constituency in Scotland those who support or connive at the wrecking of the constitutional system of the United Kingdom will be opposed by others committed to oppose and prevent it, even, if possible, to reverse it. The people therefore, if they care, can save their Parliament, if they care."

As the Conservative Party is the only party officially fighting the devolution proposals, Mr. Powell's remarks were being interpreted by some MPs as another overture to moving back into Tory ranks.

At the end of what has been a disastrous week for the Government, Hansard yesterday carried an historic report by the House of Commons Secretary at Arms, Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Thorne, to the Speaker Mr. George Thomas.

The subject was the dispute involving the Labour whip and two Scottish National Party MPs who were accused by some MPs of blocking the division lobbies in an attempt to prevent a Scottish devolution vote on Wednesday night.

Colonel Thorne, who investigated the delay in the division lobbies, confirmed that the ministers involved were Mr. Walter Harrison, Government Deputy Chief Whip, and two other government whips, Mr. Kenneth Stalker and Mr. John Dornan.

The two other MPs were Mr. Hamish Watt, an SNP whip,

and Mr. Douglas Henderson, SNP MP for Aberdeenshire, South.

Tim Jones writes from Cardiff: Attempts by the Government to undo the damage to the Scotland Bill will probably put the largely apathetic Welsh electorate on edge to be subjected to an increasingly bitter debate by supporters and opponents of devolution.

In a letter sent to all Welsh Labour MPs, Mr. J. Emrys Jones, secretary and organizer of the Welsh Labour Party, was bitter about the amendment stating that a Scottish assembly will come into being only if at least 40 per cent of the electorate vote "Yes" at the referendum. That he said, was absurd, dangerous and illogical.

Mr. Jones added: "The decision is illogical because the outcome of the referendum will now depend significantly on the time of year when the vote is taken. A higher turnout is possible in March with a new register due in October or November, when the register is that much older."

"Deaths and moves, for example, can reduce the potential turnout by as much as 10 per cent in the autumn, compared with the spring."

The amendment tied Parliament's hands regardless of the result. If 75 per cent to 25 per cent majority votes "Yes" on a 50 per cent poll in Scotland there will be no assembly. Yet, if the poll is 80 per cent with a 50.5 per cent to 49.5 per cent majority saying "Yes", the assembly will go ahead.

Westminster waltz, page 14

British Rail's management explains what can and cannot be done

London commuters get chance to complain

By Alan Hamilton

London commuters are being given an opportunity to discuss their train services with senior British Rail managers at the Evening Standard. On Thursday night a group of travellers on lines into Waterloo spoke of their concerns about rising fares, changed timetables, cold trains, and dirty stations.

The management side at the meeting in a room at the Festival Hall was led by Mr. Lon Edwards, south western divisional manager of Southern Region.

The only commuter train that matters is the one you travel on and despite assurances from the chair to confine the questioning to general policy, it went heavily towards the particular. Dirty walls are nothing to the six or eight connections at Waterloo and the dreaded stop at Woking.

Mr. Stockwood, of Redhill, wanted to know why the six o'clock now stopped at Woking, and why the Redhill train had been brought forward by two minutes and asked why it could not go back to 38 minutes past.

"When you make any changes," Mr. Edwards parried, "some people do suffer and you, sir, are one of them."

Mr. Wood of Witley, wanted to know why they insisted on stopping trains at Woking when they were already full at Godalming. Some people, the man responsible retorted, actually want to go to Woking.

"I am going to talk to you about principle," a spokesman for the 8.08 from Claygate announced grandly. "You take £272 from me. I think you are cynical, sir. You take away seats by introducing first class on a train which is already packed at Claygate."

First class was being reduced on some lines, Mr. Edwards said. A polite advance, sir, said the 8.08 spokesman.

Mr. Davis, of an unspecified station but transparently a railway enthusiast, had a plan. Close all but the main stations and have faster services. It would be cheaper to run, attract more passengers and make fares cheaper. Good news for Guildford, but news for Lipbook, Mr. Edwards said.

"I want to ask you about trains from Epsom to Waterloo between 7.10 and 7.40," Mr. White said. "There aren't any."

Mr. Scolding of Horsham, wanted last year's timetable back, and was unimpressed by a promised two-minute cut in the journey up to town by next year. "It was faster before the war," he muttered.

A strong lobby from Haslemere, a notably militant station, complained about nearly everything, especially fares and cold trains. Mr. Bradley said he had kicked a piece of ice off his shoe that very morning and it had taken 10 minutes to melt on the heater. Mr. Williams

from Bournemouth took down the number of his cold train, 3006, and received a promise that it would be looked at the very next morning.

Mr. Edwards, suspected of not consulting the travellers when he made changes to the timetable, said it was difficult but he welcomed commuters' associations and action groups as a means of keeping in touch with his public. "We have provided a jolly good rapport with the management," Mr. Cox, of the Alton line users' association, said.

After an hour and a quarter filled with explanations about the decline of waiting rooms, promises to improve more non-smoking compartments, and the problems of having £10m lopped from the railway budget by the Government, the audience left in a scramble for Waterloo with Mr. Edwards's warning of impending cancellations west of Surbiton because of a landslide ringing in their ears.

Bus and Underground fare increases planned

By Michael Bailey
Transport Correspondent

London bus and underground fares will rise by an average of 10 per cent in June, provided approval is given. The increase is in line with inflation and government guidelines, London Transport said.

The cheapest bus ride will cost 8p, nearly three times the level of five years ago and five times the 4d level of 10 years ago.

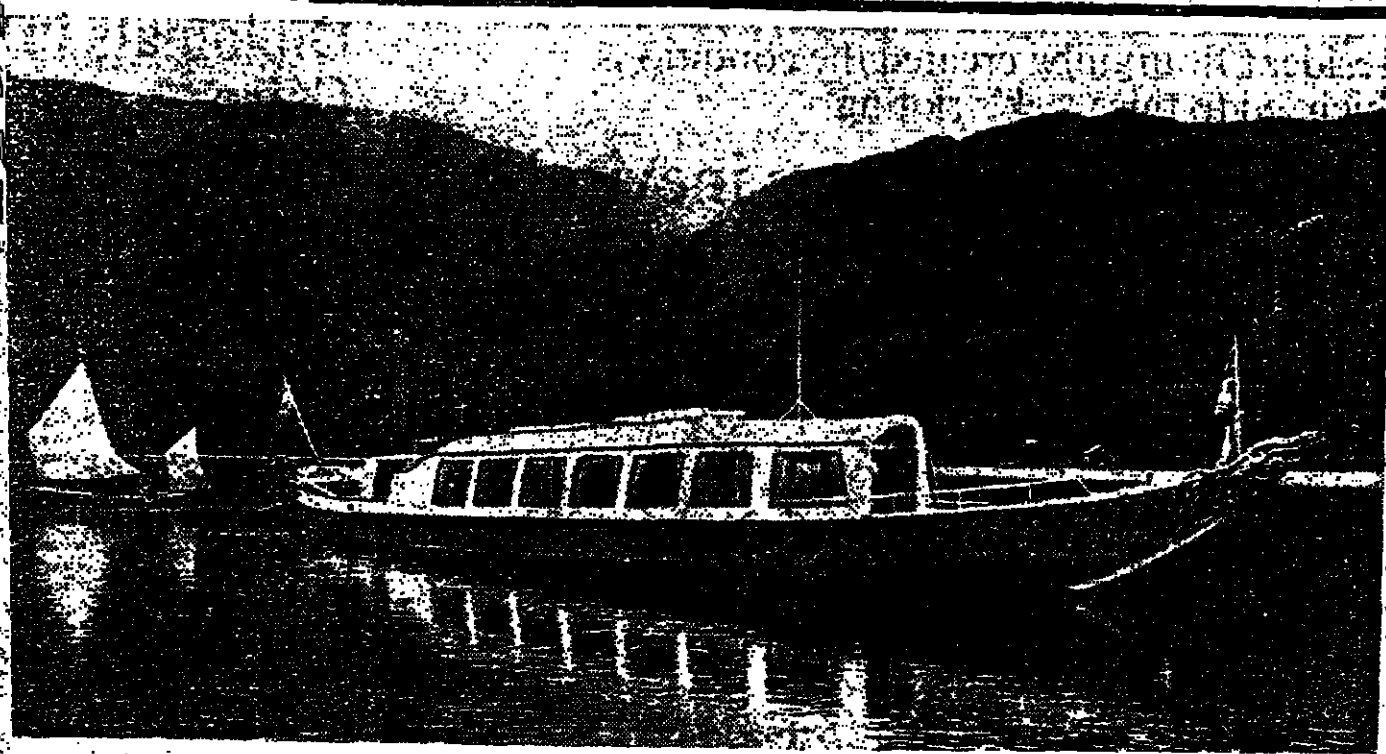
Underground fares will remain the same at 5p, 10p, 15p etc, but will buy shorter journeys.

Season tickets will rise by up to a fifth and by an average of 11 per cent. The proposals are designed to raise an extra £13m in the remainder of this year and £25m in a full year.

The new scale of bus fares will be 8p, 10p, 12p, 15p, 20p, 25p, 30p, 35p, 40p, 45p, 50p, 55p, 60p, 65p, 70p, 75p, 80p, 85p, 90p, 95p, 1.00, 1.05, 1.10, 1.15, 1.20, 1.25, 1.30, 1.35, 1.40, 1.45, 1.50, 1.55, 1.60, 1.65, 1.70, 1.75, 1.80, 1.85, 1.90, 1.95, 2.00, 2.05, 2.10, 2.15, 2.20, 2.25, 2.30, 2.35, 2.40, 2.45, 2.50, 2.55, 2.60, 2.65, 2.70, 2.75, 2.80, 2.85, 2.90, 2.95, 3.00, 3.05, 3.10, 3.15, 3.20, 3.25, 3.30, 3.35, 3.40, 3.45, 3.50, 3.55, 3.60, 3.65, 3.70, 3.75, 3.80, 3.85, 3.90, 3.95, 4.00, 4.05, 4.10, 4.15, 4.20, 4.25, 4.30, 4.35, 4.40, 4.45, 4.50, 4.55, 4.60, 4.65, 4.70, 4.75, 4.80, 4.85, 4.90, 4.95, 5.00, 5.05, 5.10, 5.15, 5.20, 5.25, 5.30, 5.35, 5.40, 5.45, 5.50, 5.55, 5.60, 5.65, 5.70, 5.75, 5.80, 5.85, 5.90, 5.95, 6.00, 6.05, 6.10, 6.15, 6.20, 6.25, 6.30, 6.35, 6.40, 6.45, 6.50, 6.55, 6.60, 6.65, 6.70, 6.75, 6.80, 6.85, 6.90, 6.95, 7.00, 7.05, 7.10, 7.15, 7.20, 7.25, 7.30, 7.35, 7.40, 7.45, 7.50, 7.55, 7.60, 7.65, 7.70, 7.75, 7.80, 7.85, 7.90, 7.95, 8.00, 8.05, 8.10, 8.15, 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HOME NEWS

Stonehenge
creditors
to get
dividend



earlier appeal. Gondola, a Victorian
sloop, was built in 1860. It was
partly wrecked on the lake bottom,
yesterday a £95,000 appeal was
made by the National Trust for her
restoration (John Chatterton writes).
The boat was designed to resemble the
median craft and carried 225 passengers.
It was taken out of service at the
beginning of the Second World War, then
laid up in the ignominy of conversion to

a houseboat. Her gently hissing 16hp
engine was used to drive a sawmill at
Ulverston. After being blown on to the
southern shore in a storm, she was deli-
berately sunk to gunwale level.
She was saved from the scrap yard by Mr
Arthur Hutton, of Grange-over-Sands, a
local enthusiast who had hoped to
restore her himself. The National Trust
took over the project last year, however,
and her rusty but still largely watertight
riveted iron hull was pumped out before
she was brought to a restoration berth at

Comiston Hall. One of the most expensive
items is likely to be finding and restoring
a suitable steam engine of the period.
The original engine was in the stern, so
that, as the *Illustrated London News* of
1860 described, it left "the best part of
the vessel for passengers... relieving
them from smoke, smell and noise; three
disadvantages which the National Trust
in ordinary steam vessels". The first-class
saloon was cushioned and carpeted in blue
and white in the style of Queen Victoria's
royal train.

Councils looking to Mr Shore for return of some lost powers

Christopher Wrennan
and Government
respondent.
The many district councils
long restoration of some of the
powers lost in local govern-
ment reorganization are anxiously
awaiting a speech by Mr
Shore, Secretary of State for
Environment, to the Labour
local government conference
today.
The momentum for change
ceased this week with the
sinking of a campaign by 22
English non-metropolitan
districts. They join the 10
Scottish non-metropolitan dis-
tricts in England and Wales,
of whom autonomous au-
thorities before reorganiza-
tion, to want to regain certain
powers from the county
councils.
The Association of County Councils,
which has voiced strong opposi-
tion to the possibility of reorgani-
zation since the 1974 reorgani-
zation, fears that although the
speech was not mentioned in
Queen's Speech, Mr Shore
intended to introduce fur-
ther reorganization "by
1980".
Mr Shore has pressed ahead
with the first stage of the pro-
cess, a last year's local govern-
ment conference, calling for
"a change within the
two-tier system. He

received support from Mr
Ronald Hayward, general secre-
tary of the Labour Party, but
although the intention remains
formidable obstacles stand in
the way of even limited change.
First, the county councils
have settled into responsibility
for the main services, including
education and the social ser-
vices, which they inherited from
the former county boroughs in
1974. Among those who wish
for change, the biggest district
councils want education back;
the lesser 22 regard that aim as
unrealistic.
Second, and probably more
important, the governmental
heads of the relevant ser-
vices are opposed to any such change.
Mr Shore, who has been able
to offer as much as the
acquisitive district councils de-
sire.
There is clearly no love lost
between the two tiers of local
government as to their respec-
tive values to the community.
In a policy document the 22
councils say: "We all claim to
possess a strong feeling of
identity, a warm social impulse
and a sense of civic pride,
qualities which stimulate an
emphasis on the standards of
local services. The present
system has had the damaging
effect of placing boroughs and
cities under the domination of
county administrations that
are both unaware of and in-
sensitive to the demands of the
urban areas."
The result of the 1974 re-
organization had been to sub-
jugate the energetic progres-
sive approach of the towns to the
detached attitude of the county
councils.
"Since 1974 we have become
increasingly conscious that we
are giving a less than satisfac-
tory service to our citizens as a
result of the structure that has
been imposed upon us, and our
feeling of dismay grows con-
stantly," the document adds.
The law is strong where there
is a normally defensive local
government, and that group,
representing such places as
Chester, Norwich, Southend and
Slough, means to ask Mr Shore
for a remedy.
The conference has attracted
eight government ministers to
Bristol, indicating the impor-
tance the Labour Party attaches
to local government. Every year
brings its crop of local elec-
tions. This year the London
boroughs go to the polls, with
the real prospect that Greater
London may as a whole go
Conservative, as the Greater
London Council did last year.
The need for local authorities
to eliminate unlawful discrimi-
nation and promote good race
relations, particularly in housing
and education, will be debated
at one of eight working groups.
Leading article, page 15

In brief

Footballers had forged dollars

Two Crystal Palace foot-
ballers pleaded guilty at Inner
London Crown Court yester-
day to possessing 250 \$100
United States bills, knowing
them to have been forged. They
were Barry Silkin, aged 25,
of Commercial Street, Stepney,
and Rachid Peter Harkouk,
aged 21, of Stamford Brook
Avenue, Hammersmith, both
London. Mr Silkin was fined
£750 and Mr Harkouk £500.

Assault case withdrawn

A summons for assault
against Mr Victor Matthews,
chief executive of the Traf-
falgar House group, was with-
drawn by the complainant at
yesterday's Magistrates' Court
proceedings.
Mr Matthews, of Owls Hall
Farm, Carlebury Road, Enfield,
London, and Alfred Geunry, of
the same address, had been
summoned by Mr Matthews's
former chauffeur, Mr Philip
Godfrey Banks, alleging assault
on December 15 at Owls Hall
Farm.

Pickets' court protest

Pickets from the Union of
Construction, Allied Trades
and Technicians surrounded
Thames Magistrates' Court,
London, yesterday in protest
when nine carpenters, arrested
for alleged obstruction and mak-
ing a bonfire at Stepney dur-
ing the strike, were remanded
on bail until March 16 after
pleading not guilty.

No Manx visit

The judges of the European
Court of Human Rights in
Strasbourg, who are consider-
ing their verdict in the Manx
birthing issue, have refused to
visit the island of Man to make
an investigation. The Govern-
ment in Douglas announced
yesterday. The verdict is
expected in April.

£18,000 payroll snatch

Two men were detained in
hospital with serious head in-
juries yesterday after being
clubbed by masked raiders in
an £18,000 payroll snatch at
a factory at Kidderminster, Here-
ford and Worcester.

Roof-top jail protest

Francis Marriott, who has
served 12 years of a life sen-
tence for murder, staged a roof-
top protest at Maidstone Prison
yesterday over the length of his
sentence.

Coaster relocated

The 299-ton German coaster,
Elabor, which was driven
on the beach at St Ives Bay,
Cornwall, by a storm 17 days
ago, was relocated yesterday.

24-hour radio service

Radio Tees, the independent
station covering Cleveland and
the south of Durham and North
Yorkshire, is to start 24-hour
broadcasting from March 1.

Villages of England

Public lack of interest in the
 plight of villages is a symbol
of the disregard for the old. In
The Sunday Times tomorrow
Philip Norman reports on the
realities of village life.

PARLIAMENT, January 27, 1978

Tory government would not make sweeping changes in industrial relations law

House of Commons
The Employment Protection
(Amendment) Bill was read a
second time by 235 votes to 210
majority, 15.
Mr Ian Mikardo (Tower Hamlets,
Surrey, Green and Bow, Lab),
moving the second reading, said
the whole burden of the legal
system was the protection of
property. The system was geared
to protecting the interests of
capital without looking at the
interests of labour. He said
legislation had been needed on
the other side if only to correct
that in-built bias that the non-
unionist law had against the worker.
The Employment Protection
Act had proved to have some
benefits and flaws. It had some
of them arose from differing
interpretations of the Act.
No trade union was compelled
to affiliate to the TUC. What
it did it pledged itself to accept
the rules and guidance of the
TUC. There had been cases re-
cently in which TUC affiliates
had disregarded TUC advice and
proceeded unilaterally with an
Advisory, Conciliation and Arbi-
tration Service claim. That put
Acas in an unnecessarily difficult
and embarrassing position. Re-
cently the matter had become
more serious. A dispute between
to disrupt the Bridlington dispute
principle.
The Bill allowed the TUC me-
chanisms to continue. It allowed
Acas to have recognition but
also allowed the TUC to deal with
the union concerned under its own
rules which that union accepted
when it joined the TUC.
The amendment of the law he
proposed was most important in
the total industrial scene. It did
not mean a return to the pre-1974
law, but it allowed for the con-
tinuation of mechanisms which had
been accepted by TUC affiliates
and which had been accepted by
management. It was a way of
arguing for industrial action in
a large number of cases and had
not that account been welcomed
by progressive trade unions and
management alike.
The Bill did not limit the right
to go to Acas but required a
union as well to carry out the
obligation. It was a way of
becoming affiliated to the TUC. It
was clear the Employment Protec-
tion Act would effectively only
if all the parties concerned in a
disputed position acted reasonably.
Mr Ward, of Grunwick, acted
unreasonably yet, as both he and
his union were entitled to declare.
He remained within the law. This
was so then a law which en-
abled one party to frustrate
the actions of the other. It was
not a return to the pre-1974
position of normal industrial
practice was clearly deficient.
The law was, in a few
"employers should be in a position
to sack people for availing them-
selves of what the law told them
to do. It was not a return to the
pre-1974 position. It was a way
of not preventing dismissal on ac-
count of a strike or other in-
dustrial action or lock-out. It
was a way of giving protection
to individuals who tried to
organise trade union representa-
tion. It was a way of giving
protection to individuals who tried
for conciliation and arbitration
before resorting to industrial
action. The Bill applied within limited
areas and under certain conditions
that had to be fulfilled. It had no

effect where an employer already
recognized unions.
Mr Raymond Bamber (Kidder-
minster, Con) said that the Con-
servatives had done many things for
the trade unions but they were
concerned about other elements
in society and felt they had those
responsibilities to take into
account as well.
Employers wished to have the
right to refer inter-union disputes
to Acas and the Government
guidelines on union recognition
in relation to the minimum num-
bers when recognition claims were
made. They would like to see a
code of practice.
Some of the proposals in the
Bill were not in the interests of
employees and would radically
reduce the freedom of choice of
employees to be represented by
a union. It was a way of
Mr Arthur Palmer (Bristol, North-
East, Lab) said he was concerned
about the implications of Clause 1.
It appeared not to strengthen the
authority and scope of Acas but
to weaken and limit it. It sought
to amend the 1975 Act by adding
an extra restriction to the right
of access to Acas.
Should the interpretation of the
law be such that the TUC
prohibition on the right of TUC
unions to go to Acas at all times
then there would be several
undesirable results. It would
be that if the clause was taken
in conjunction with Bridlington
rules of the TUC it would consti-
tute an absolute bar on TUC
unions having access to Acas.
Mr James Prior, Opposition
spokesman on employment (Lowes-
toft, Con), said despite certain
reservations he was in favour of
the Bill. He said that Acas was
a service which must
continue as it had an important
part to play in industrial relations.
Somehow Acas wished it had
nothing to do with recognition dis-
putes because these were what
caused so much trouble. They
were a way of giving protection
to individuals who tried to
organise trade union representa-
tion. It was a way of giving
protection to individuals who tried
for conciliation and arbitration
before resorting to industrial
action. The Bill applied within limited
areas and under certain conditions
that had to be fulfilled. It had no

Two accused former P's death

Two men appeared at Had-
den Sheriff Court, near
Birmingham, yesterday accused
of murdering Mr Walter Scott,
aged 82, the former
MP. The charge alleged that
they strangled him on a
"waste ground near
teas."
Michael Thomson, aged 63, of
Aldford, Leicestershire, and
David Michael Wright, aged 30,
both of no fixed
address, were remanded in cus-
tody or on bail.
The charge was made by
David Michael Wright by
him in the head.
proceedings lasted only
minutes and were in private.
Afterwards Mr Robert
nachie, the procurator
in Hadfield, said that
it was Mr Wright who
strangled Mr Scott. He
was charged with the
murder of Mr Scott.
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in Hadfield, said that
it was Mr Wright who
strangled Mr Scott. He
was charged with the
murder of Mr Scott.

Car workers disregarded non-smoking rules

From Arthur Oaman
Birmingham
Workers at Leyland Cars
Mini assembly factory at
Longbridge, Birmingham, con-
sistently and repeatedly
disregarded smoking bans in
areas of high fire risk, it was
stated at Birmingham Magis-
trates' Court yesterday.
Gordon Bowen, aged 63, of
Ackleton Road, Wesley Castle,
Wolverhampton, and Les
O'Connor, aged 38, of Over-
bury Road, Northfield, Birming-
ham, were each fined £40 after
admitting smoking in a "non-
smoking area."
Mr Christopher Hamilton, of
the factory inspectorate, told
the court: "We are particularly
conscious that the motor
industry has sustained a
number of disastrous major
fires in the postwar years."
Mr Peter Carr, for the
defence, said that last April the
company was served with an
improvement notice and a point
of concern was notices for non-
smoking areas. Leyland have
not completely complied with
all matters and it came to a
point when the factory inspec-
tor had to threaten to close
that part of the factory because
of a certain lack of supervision
of employees complying with
these regulations.
Mr Hamilton said that in
1974 the company's attention
was drawn to uncontrolled
smoking in risk areas and there
were talks between management
and unions. Certain non-smoking
areas were defined and notices
were posted.

BBC fears delay to start of Parliament broadcasts

The BBC expressed fears in
a statement yesterday that per-
manent broadcasts from Parlia-
ment might be delayed because
of a Commons motion calling for
a select committee to control
the broadcasting of debates
which was "talked out" and
adjourned on Thursday.
Arrangements are well
advanced for parliamentary
broadcasts to begin after Easter
Facilities for BBC and the In-
dependent Broadcasting
Authority staffs have been pre-
pared at temporary quarters in
Bridge Street, close to the
Houses of Parliament.
It was hoped yesterday that
the motion would be tabled

'False assumptions' of 'think tank' report

By Ian Bradley
The assumptions on which
the Central Policy Review
Staff (the "think tank") based
its recent report on over-
seas representation, published
last week, are "false and mis-
leading," says the Director
General of the BBC, says
on BBC Radio 3 tonight.
Sir Charles says: "Every so
often in the development of
public policy intelligent and in-
formed people make the most
bawling blunders."
If the British traveller
abroad were to tell his hosts
that British traditions and cul-
ture were a spent force and of
no further use as an illustra-
tion to the world of what can
be done in a civilized and
tolerant society, he would be
regarded by his hearers as hav-
ing taken leave of his senses.
Yet that is precisely the effect

Collect Stamps

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Anguilla	Cyprus	Pitcairn Island
Antigua	Dominica	St. Lucia
Bahamas	Gibraltar	Seychelles
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Address

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

reporters today: "Now we don't think there is any radiation in that particular part."—*Reuter*.

Leading article, page 15

Saturday Review

Life with father

by Bruce Arnold

son," my father said. "Put your things in there. That table is for you. But keep everything shipshape."

I was hungry. It was lunch-time, and school breakfast had been early and hurried. But I did what I was told. I unpacked carefully, putting my meagre school clothes away, arranging my books and notes, and pencils the way my father did. I took from my case the carefully packed model I had made for Alice, for Christmas, and checked that nothing had broken. I was absorbed in what I did. When eventually I looked over to the bed in the alcove, I saw that he had fallen into a deep sleep. So, I thought, home.

I explored the "kitchen", a curtained alcove with gas-fittings, a rack for crockery, saucepans, a frying pan. There was a loaf and butter and cheese, tea, milk, sugar lumps. Bored in a pot, and some apples.

Cautiously, I began to prepare myself some food. I heated the gas. Put water on to heat. Spread butter on the bread. Sliced cheese. Each action had

a certain pleasure for me, it demonstrated my liberty, my right to choose and decide for myself. It was so different from school. It was home.

Afterwards, I wandered round the room, touching, inspecting, checking that "home" was all that it had been last time. The bric-a-brac was the same. The photographs, in their Boots frames, the same: myself, as a child, with Melanise, being bathed by my mother as a baby, playing on the sand at Bognor, standing beside a large pig on the school farm, both of a half-term visit my father had made. And above the fireplace, a photograph of my mother, in profile, Eton crop, handsome features, a stylish study, flustering in the firm lines of nose and chin. Oh, you were a handsome woman, I thought, before time wore you down and death took you!

I was checked as I looked up at the photograph, not by thoughts of her, but by the realization that I could not recall her as a person at all. Though I had been six years old when she had died, and

therefore, one might imagine, capable of storing up some memory of her flesh and spirit, I could not, then or at any time later: in my life, recall her as a person real to me. Always, I knew her through my father and through my brother. Always, she was remembered for me, but not by me. My heart was blank about her. The knowledge of her which I had, was knowledge without feeling.

Perhaps it was the same, even when she was alive. Perhaps even then, since I adored my father and was his favourite child, even in early childhood I responded to my mother only indirectly, through him most of all, but through Francis and Melanise as well.

This possibility—for it is only that, I cannot recapture or recall that time—is frightening to me, even now. It represents a cutting of my mother out of my life, not just from the time of her death, early enough though that was, but from before that event itself.

Looking at her photograph, then, and always since then,

has had precisely the same effect upon me: I never really knew her at all.

My father's things were laid out on a desk between the windows. I ran my hands across the smooth, worn, faded green morocco-writing case. I did not really dare to touch it. I had never opened it. I could remember it as far back as I could remember anything. I knew some of the things that were inside: identity card, ration book (my own emergency coupons would go in there, too), post office savings books, my father's and my own. More, vaguely, I was aware of certain letters of "significance"—I did not know their significance—were kept there, sometimes the odd bit of money, some old naval documents, "things". Looking down upon the smooth grain of the leather, at the half-plum milk bottle in which two pencils and a pair of scissors stood, at the sheet of blotting paper, at the bottle of Stephens' blue-black ink, I began to relax. This was my father's life, spread before me

on a table, summarized, checked out in "things". This was our world. Nothing much existed outside it, so long as the inside remained unchanged. I felt no real curiosity to inspect further, to know all the details contained before me in papers and letters. I did not need to feel curiosity about my father. I knew him, and I believed that my knowledge, built on emotion, was absolute. If I did not question the foundation, why should I doubt the detail?

I moved away from the table. My father stirred and snuffled in his sleep. I sat down on the hearthrug in the warmth of the gasfire and looked into it, listening to the faint hiss of the jets. Safe, in fact, separate from my other world, with my things gathered now with those of my father, I was home at last.

©Bruce Arnold, 1978

This extract is taken from *A Singer at the Wedding*, by Bruce Arnold, which is being published by Hamish Hamilton on Monday at £4.95.

Illustration by Janet Woolley



children spilled out in a drink established Philpotts in his mind as a potential ally. "That sounds a good idea," he said. "A good idea. Yes. What do you say to that?"

I nodded. It was a means of escape from our present onlookers. I could not trust myself to speak. But I had stopped the flow of tears. Anything was better than this vast and public auditorium, where all eyes must be on us as we stood there, all ears acutely tuned to my father's deliberate, slow, carefully accented phrases. People like Eagle would remember it all next term. They would relive it for me, torment me with it. What had I done to deserve this?

My father lifted his case. It was no weight to him. Philpotts walked slightly ahead of the other, on one side, I was on the other. I did not want to, but I took my father's arm, more to steady this deliberate yet uncertain steps than for any affection. I felt at that moment.

We went into the high, echoing station buffet. In spite of the flood of people outside, it was only half full. I sat down with my father. Philpotts went off to the bar. One or two groups looked over at us with idle curiosity but I stared back with an expression of cold defensiveness on my face, and they lost the determination to indulge their vague questions about the three of us. I looked over at my father, watched him as he fumbled through his pockets, found cigarettes, then a box of matches, and, after three unsuccessful attempts, lit a cigarette and drew deeply upon it.

A conflict of emotions burned within me. This was my holiday, I thought greedily, my Christmas. It was such a brief affair. Each day had to be weighed and measured. There was no room for catastrophe and the attendant was to love this holiday man. I did love him. Yet I was tormented by passionate anger. How did he dare to so shame me? What would the boys think? What would they say next term? What did Philpotts think? I wanted to love this drunk man in a station buffet on his first day home from school? I could not bear to look at my father, except covertly, the swift, sidelong glances at the blue-grey pall of smoke that hung about him, the wisps that curled around those broad, relaxed fingers, the twin plumes of inhaled smoke that came from his nostrils and went up in a thin veil before those unseeing eyes.

It was Philpotts who broke the reverie. "There you are, sir," he said. "A brandy. And there's a glass of cider for you." He put the drinks down on the marble-topped table. Then he drew up a chair and took a sip of his own beer. He looked at me, his face quite calm. Then he raised his glass. "Chin up, it'll be all right. Happy Days."

"I am all right," I said. I lifted the cider and sipped from it in a way I was all right. I was absorbing the shock of the encounter, suppressing the feelings of shame and betrayal. I was getting ready to go on.

My father roused himself suddenly. He raised the hand with the cigarette in it, inspected the end of it, flicked ash deliberately away from him and looked at us. It was as if he was coming back from a great distance, up from the depths of thought. His eyes were no longer glazed and unseeing. Scales of confusion seemed to have fallen away. He was still deliberate and slow. He looked first at me, and made a half-gesture towards me with his hand, wanting, it seemed, to reach out and ask for a measure of forgiveness. But the movement ended with his hand resting on the table close to the untouched glass of brandy. Then he looked at Philpotts. "Philpotts," he said. "Then again, Philpotts. Yes. He has written about you. You are a singer, no? And head of his house?" The strain of remembering seemed, for a moment, too much. He looked on round the buffet, at the bar, at the other people, at the clock. It was high up on the opposite wall, and he stared at it. His lips moved. He muttered quietly to himself. "Must I hold a candle to my shame?" He looked again at the older boy. "This must end, Philpotts," he said. "This must end now." He put his hand into his pocket, took out a ten shilling note, reached over and pressed it into the top pocket of Philpotts' coat. "You have no cause to be buying drinks for men like me. Where do you live?" Philpotts told him. "You a good sort? Eh?"

Philpotts nodded. "I hope so," he said. A slight smile, played round his lips.

"Good. Glad to hear it. Come and take my son out. He gets lonely sometimes. Ring first Number 7645. Baywater." He drank off the brandy at one swift gulp. It went down his throat like water. He dropped the cigarette on the floor between his

Records of the month

Preferences

Haydn: Symphonies Nos 48 and 85. Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields/Martiner. Philips 9500 200, £3.99 □ 7300 536, £3.99.

Saint-Saëns: Symphony No 3: Wedding Cake. Chorzempa. Rotterdam PO/de Waart. Philips 9500 306, £3.99 □ 7300 597, £3.99.

Tchaikovsky: "Symphony No 7". Piano Concerto No 3. USSR Radio/Moscow Radio 50/Rozhdestvensky. HMV/Melodiya HQS 1411, £2.85.

Taneyev: Symphony No 2: Glazunov: Symphony No 5. Moscow Radio 50/Vladimir Fedoseyev. HMV/Melodiya ASD 3363, £3.99.

Villa-Lobos: Bachianas brasileiras No 3. Mompredice. Ordo NPO/Ashkenazy. ASD 3429, £3.99 □ TC-ASD 3429, £4.25.

The roughly chronological order I have chosen for these records also turns out to be more or less my order of preference, though in some moods I might place the new version of Saint-Saëns' "organ" symphony above Neville Martin's pair of Tchaikovsky symphonies. The merits of the latter are evident right from the opening bars of No 48 in C major, which promise a lively performance charged with brisk energy and controlled by cool carving precision in either symphony serves to disappoint one's expectations.

As with earlier issues in the same series, the coupling of symphonies is determined by nicknames. No 48, the "Maria Theresa" symphony, commemorates the Empress's visit to Esterháza in 1773, while No 85 gained its title of "La reine" because it was Marie Antoinette's favourite among the Paris symphonies. Arbitrary the mother-daughter connection may be, but few will mind acquiring a brilliant celebratory piece alongside a more suave one catering to French taste, particularly when both performances are so exhilarating.

Edo de Waart's disc offers a less satisfying programme, with the Wedding Cake caprice coming as a creation in spun sugar after the meal of a symphony which is Saint-Saëns' third. But never mind, the symphony is all that matters. Mr de Waart plays it as if it were a real symphony and not just an exercise in pomp and sentiment. I know of no other performance which reveals the work's detail with such care, nor manages so well its transitions of theme and tempo, even to the extent of making a cyclic symphony able to stand beside France's. The recording also is admirable, setting Daniel Chorzempa's organ well within the orchestral sound.

A symphony and a concertante piece offered on the HMV/Melodiya Tchaikovsky record, with the added interest that both are based on the same material. John Warrack's excellent sleeve notes tell the story. Tchaikovsky composed his E flat major symphony in 1892, four years after the fifth, but within a few

months he had grown dissatisfied with it. The next year he rewrote its first movement as his third piano concerto and wrote a new symphony, the "Pathétique". The abandoned work, reconstructed here by Semyon Bogatyrev, should perhaps therefore go under the name of "Symphony No 5".

Bogatyrev's task was to piece together, from derived works and from sketches, a symphony which had once existed complete, if not completely scored, and what he has produced sounds properly Tchaikovsky. It does not, however, take a place among Tchaikovsky's autobiographical later symphonies, but hints rather at an alternative, more self-assured direction. Strangely enough, the powerful first movement sounds more imposing in its presumptive symphonic guise than it does in the composer's own concerto arrangement, though that is perhaps a measure of the difference between the performances. Leo Ginzburg's of the symphony, recorded in 1962, has a firmer tread than Igor Zhukov and Gennady Rozhdestvensky can achieve in their 1972 account of the concerto. The quality of the symphony's opening is, as Tchaikovsky may have realized, not maintained in other movements, but the piece is still a tantalizing musical might-have-been.

Anyone wanting a new symphony by Tchaikovsky might well feel he has been satisfied by Taneyev's second, for that work opens with the piano like Wenceslas's page following his master through the land of "Winter Day-dreams". After that, however, he becomes less immediately derivative. His creative voice may be a small one, but this 3 flat major symphony provides a distinctive blend of Russian emotion and Germanic integrity. That integrity is not well understood by Vladimir Fedoseyev, who romps through a carefully made finale. He is more at home in Glazunov's symphony in the same key, a work designed to please everybody, even, prophetically, lovers of 1920s swing.

Another effortlessly productive composer, Villa-Lobos, is represented by his piano and orchestra in recordings under the baton of Vladimir Ashkenazy—and how strange that this new gramophone conductor should concentrate so much on accompaniment. It is surprising that the Brazilian pianist Cristina Ortiz should advocate the music of her countryman, nor that she should do so with closely studied brilliance. But despite that, and despite the beautiful playing of the New Philharmonia, the pieces strike me as feeble. *Bachianas brasileiras* No 3 is one of the less essential works of João Sebastião, and *Mompredice* is a set of carnival impressions which might have meant more if EMI had supplied the original titles, even if the composer did discard them.

Paul Griffiths



Francesco Tamagno and Victor Maurel, the first Otello and Iago

All singing life in a glistening treasure trove

The Record of Singing. EMI RLS 724, £35.

No one can reasonably accuse EMI of lacking scope, imagination or sheer industry in compiling *The Record of Singing*. Here are 24 well filled sides, over two hundred singers representing the period up to the First World War and more than two hundred and fifty years of specialist labels such as Eterna and Bel Canto. Then there are names which collectors who have been trying to track down on highly prized old discs or, more recently, on issues put out principally in America or specialist labels such as Eterna and Bel Canto.

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The first impression of the set is a glistening treasure

trove. But it is unwise to sample too much at a single go. The engineers were faced with the problem of how easy to make the listening of the more crackle eliminated for the sake of the ears of the late Seventies the more the quality of the voice is likely to be affected. In most cases they have been both fair and judicious in the announcements of the numbers there is an extraordinary variety in approach, with some singers (or their managers) telling us what we are to hear (or have heard) like MCs at a wrestling bout while others approach the new machinery shyly and almost afraid.

The chief pleasure is in rediscovering old friends. There is Sembrich, the only artist given the accolade of four tracks, and Nordica, who shows the most dazzling virtuosity in an aria from Verdi's *Un ballo in maschera*. Santini, for whom Gounod added "Avant de quitter ces lieux" to *Faust*, sounds aristocratic and Dan Bredde in

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* suggests why English-speaking performers left opera to make more money in oratorio and on the concert platform. There is the formidable technique of Escalari and the elegance of Battistini.

With pleasure comes instruction. One of the great values of *The Record of Singing* is the number of artists represented who created the rules we now hear re-created daily in the opera house. Tamagno and Maurel, the first Otello and Iago, are obvious inclusions. Massenet's singers are particularly well covered, and there are the names known only by connoisseurs, including the husband/wife team of Nicola Figner and Medea Mei, the Herman and Lisa when *The Queen of Spades* was first heard in St Petersburg just before Christmas in 1890, just when they carried out the composer's wishes to the letter when they made the recordings is arguable, but there are few other ways of getting so close to original intentions.

Inevitably there will be feelings that some singers are mis- or under-represented. Two of my favourite tenors, Anselmi and Bonci, are allowed only a band apiece and not very good bands at that. The allocation

process of Michael Scott, who has written the book accompanying the set (also available separately in hard back from Duckworth at £12.50), is erratic. Chapiain and Caruso have only a song each, while Ellen Beach Yaw who, on Mr Scott's own admission, had no real career, is given an extravagant three tracks. It is odd, too, that Olympia Boronat is not included in the final record of the singers of Imperial Russia but instead tucked away with the Italians; she was indeed born in Genoa, but Petersburg was the scene of her triumphs.

The other complaint is that Michael Scott's book, which is excellently researched and most evocatively illustrated, too often mixes fact with comment. The biographical notes on the singers are invaluable, although they could have been laid out better, but the personal judgments should have been both trimmed and edited. Too many artists are taken from oblivion, dusted down and dressed up only to have a custard pile of complaints smothered over their faces. But never mind, the listener can put on this remarkable collection of voices and make his own assessment, silently.

John Higgins

Haydn's trios

Haydn: Piano Trios vol 10. Beaux Arts Trio. Philips 9500 327, £3.99.

Mozart: Serenade in B flat K 361. ECO members/Barenboim. HMV ASD 3426, £3.99.

Vivaldi: 5 oboe concertos. Hollnagel. Philips 9500 299, £3.99.

Brahms: Violin Sonatas Opp 78 and 100. Oistrakh/Bauer/Richter. HMV ASD 3425, £3.99.

Haydn's music seems to be pouring off the record presses these days. The symphonies, and the string quartets, are now completed, and the operas are well under way; more and more, the piano trios have been coming along, and the Beaux Arts/Philips series is now accelerating towards its end. For sheer musical worth per minute throughout the series, a strong case could be made out for the piano trios' behalf against any of the other groups. Almost all the trios are fully mature works; many were composed not for private patrons but, at the instigation of London or Viennese publishers, for Haydn's favourite patron, the large public that admired his music above all other.

This newest disc, called Volume 10, contains Nos 5, 10 and 11 in Hoboken's reckoning. There is plenty of variety among them, and they are the first movements of Nos 10 and 11 particularly, with their striking development sections, the former moving and contrapuntal, the latter boldly modulating. These two trios have two movements apiece, the finales being respectively a brilliant moto perpetuo, and a minuet whose immediate melodic appeal is not inconsistent with some characteristically elaborate working-out. No 5 has an expansive Adagio to start with followed by a virile Allegro based on fanfare-like themes and containing much glittering piano writing. Mr Pressler dispatches this in style, and indeed the trio as a whole, with a relaxed, unassuming, prove uncommonly responsive to the music.

The new version of Mozart's K361 serenade for 13 instruments (12 wind and double bass) follows, for the first time, Mozart's autograph score instead of the usual copyright text. The traditional corruptions are not in fact very serious, but aficionados of the work will have their eyebrows raised by some changes in articulation and will be shocked at the omission of a bar in the Romance—an improbable, not to say ungrammatical, interpretation of a faint

ambiguity in the original. They may be still more surprised at some of the tempos, which seem to stretch extreme, with the fast movements fast and the slow ones slow. I do not think that the virtuosity on the one hand and the self-conscious expressiveness on the other, implicit in these extremes are quite right for the music. But the work is perceptively shaped by Mr Barenboim, and skilfully and sensitively played by members of the ECO. I find the oboe tone just these days too acidic to blend ideally with the other instruments; it stands out from the rest of the ensemble slightly more than it ought. But the oboe solos in the Adagio are beautifully done. Heinz Hollnagel does not sound like an eighteenth-century oboist, either; but in his latest record he has only to blend with—or perhaps stand out from—strings, not other wind. His refined tone and sensitive articulation serve well, and he even manages to make Vivaldi's slow movements (which nearly always seem to me inferior to his fast ones) sound expressive. There is no superfluous work on this disc, but several that are highly entertaining, like the bustling C major concerto with which it starts, and there is a good, rather more sombre-toned one in A minor.

Admirers of David Oistrakh's playing will not want to miss his Brahms sonata record. The two performances it contains are of very different kinds, and the differences are not solely attributable to the differences between the two works. In the G major sonata he is partnered by Frieda Bauer, a capable, unspectacular musician who often played with him. This is a magisterial, finely wrought, classical reading, every note in tune and in place, and dominated by Oistrakh's feeling for a strong, sustained lyrical line. No phrase ever seems to reach an end, for a new one has begun before the old is finished; and the grand, noble shaping of the first movement's final climax in particular testifies to the breadth of his thinking. In the A major sonata he plays with Sviatoslav Richter. This is a public performance, and not as perfect as the studio one—certainly not as impeccably in tune, but very impulsive and romantic in feeling as these two artists respond to each other and to their audience. Comparatively a free performance, it abounds in felicitous touches and moments of sharp insight.

Stanley Sadie

Illuminations

Mozart: Mitridate. Auger/Baltes. Columbia/Globe. DG 2740 180 (4 records) £12.

Verdi: Requiem. Price/Baker/Lucchetti/Van Dam. Chicago Sym Chorus and Orch/Solti. RCA RL 02476 (2 records) £6.98.

Massenet: Werther. Los Angeles/Gedda/Mesprie/Soyer. Orchestre de Paris/Prêtre. HMV SLS 5105 (3 records) £8.95. □ TC SLS 5105 £8.95.

Mitridate, Rê de Ponto was young Mozart's first attempt at formal Italian opera seria; it was not quite 17 when he wrote it for the theatre we now call La Scala, Milan. The artwork, designed in the key of dry, had become satisfied by pedantic rules, but in 1770 it was still a dramatic musician's best route to celebrity. Mozart continued to cultivate the genre particularly durable in *Idomeneo* and *La clemenza di Tito*.

Mitridate was the first stepping-stone towards those masterpieces. As such it deserves study by all who are curious about the immediate sources of Mozart's later very familiar operas. Staged productions are rare, and modern revivals too often ride roughshod over the musical architecture, as well as the vocal texture and stylistic conventions; like other works of the same type and period it calls for a standard of vocal accomplishment not normally expected of modern singers, and a conductor with an acute knowledge and devotion, able to put aside all memories of later music.

During the last few years Leopold Hager, at the Salzburg Mozarteum, has been attempting to do just this in annual performances of early Mozart operas. A successful record of *Lucio Silla* is now followed by a complete *Mitridate*, based on the text of the New Mozart Edition. The new set is largely successful.

Hager has assembled, for DG, a cast of voices apt to their roles, able to fulfill the virtuosos demands of the music, each one distinctive in timbre. That is important in *Mitridate* where only the names, part and a minor character, a Roman soldier, have broken male voices, both tenors. The others, male and female, are sopranos or altos, and here they are sung by women. It is the success of the set that those female voices, the choir, very different. We have Arleen Auger, forthright and dependable, very feminine in tone, as the anxiety-ridden

heroine Aspasie, Beaume has all manner of melancholy, as the young bride, and the villainous Pharnace, strongly taken by Agnes F, an alto with a powerful register, and Edita Grut as the devoted son Xip, whose soprano bends well heroic male part—the sound like a male soprano she comes near to it.

Hager also diversifies music's moods, showing various and true in music, each aria a different orchestral sonority from the next, and the variety of pomp, scorn, severity, and so on, never twice the same. Werner Hollweg's name-part cleverly pinpoints moods to create a heart-rending, not conventional monarch.

The recording is bright clear, perhaps too clear, the long recitatives where senses royalty rather involvement. Effort is also in the selective and cap treatment of stylistic graces set remains a major in illumination, particularly those who have seen or less scrupulous accounts.

A new interpretation of Verdi's *Requiem* conducted by Sir George Crossley expectations. They are, in which Solti dures his Chicago forces, international soloists, then. It is musically the black and white with colours, but carefully balanced (as in "Requiem" majestic), of due afterwards. "Requiem"

The emotions may heightened but they are and the score is there some and natural as an countryman's idea of the end of time, and the end of time, an odd collection. Leontyne Price, Janet Luciano Veretti, and Joan Sutherland, four nationalities, they match and collaborate convincingly musicians often composed for Italians. RCA's recording, equally voracious and giving forward sound its

Massenet's *Werther* (if *Manon*) has too long been of the catalogue. No returns in the 1969 recording always a charmer, hardly by Prêtre, but voiced. Los Angeles Gedda, with epochal Soyer. The sixth side, for empty, is now filled with lively operatic vocal young Gedda.

William

Legends

Beethoven: Sonata in E flat, Op 31, No 3. Schumann: Fantasiestücke, Op 12. Actur Rubinstein: Sonata and Eroica Variations. RCA RLI 12387, £4.10.

Liszt: Sonata in B minor, Op 5, No 5. Liszt: No 102; Nocturne No 13, Op 119. Vladimir Horowitz. RCA RLI 2548, £3.99.

Beethoven: Sonata in C (Waldstein); Eroica Variations. Emanuel Ax. RCA RL 12083, £3.99.

Scriabin: Piano Sonatas Nos 1 and 2. Lazar Berman. HMV Melodia ASD 3396, £3.99.

Rubinstein and Horowitz. Are there any two more legendary names among living pianists? Both have recently reached notable landmarks in their lives, now commemorated by RCA on record; 1976 was the 70th anniversary of Rubinstein's American debut, and he marked it by an extensive American tour, albeit in his 90th year, during which he frequently played in the Beethoven—and Schumann works, both very near his heart, coupled here. Horowitz's disc celebrates the 50th anniversary of his New York debut (made with our own conductor, Thomas Beecham as conductor), and he, too, returns to a great personal favourite, Liszt's B minor sonata.

The gem from Rubinstein is Schumann's *Fantasiestücke*, Op 12. Rubinstein relates that he had long wanted to record it once more, in avowal of a lifetime's love, and I cannot imagine a more tender and true performance than this from anyone, young or old. There is much grace and spirit in Beethoven's E flat sonata, Op 31, too, even if, finer dynamic gradations are not as meticulously observed as in bygone years, nor is there quite the same inner tension.

Horowitz's earlier recording of Liszt's sonata was in 1932; the great interest of this new issue is in discovering if new viewpoints have emerged in 45 years. The conception how strikes me as broader, with

point-making sometimes astronomic. But the old first time as brightly perhaps even more so (witness, like Schnabel, was one to let go—never mind bosh shots). Certainly fabulous fingers of his he lost one jot of their brilliance in cascading quavers. In the two Faure works he ensures of pastel never sounds pall.

RCA has its eye on the as well as the past in its son of Emanuel Ax, w 1974, when 24, was the Rubinstein contest in Israel an interview printed on sleeve he is honest enough to confess that while he has present recording is "far my final version" of the Stein-sonata and Eroica variations, he feels he has it about them enough to some kind of statement. performance. He has a youthful sense of wonder a delicacy and freshness sonority to match. In the Stein's finale he makes play of pedal buzz to end romance. Nor is he triplable rhythm in more of the old or the new. In short, a Gallic rather Teutonic approach. Some prefer their Beethoven sterner stuff.

Lazar Berman rediscovers first and third sonatas companionate. Scriabin's *Bois d'Inde* is completely satisfactory. His own terms. No 3, long has recently been recorded. Ashkenazy, who is more date in response to the ser's highly strung energy and mounting changes. Close contrasts the slow movement's first bars also reveals Ashkephrasing as more shapely expressive, with its first leanings. But there are a few noble things about the in the sonata intensely first sonata, not forgetful funeral march finale.

Joan Chi

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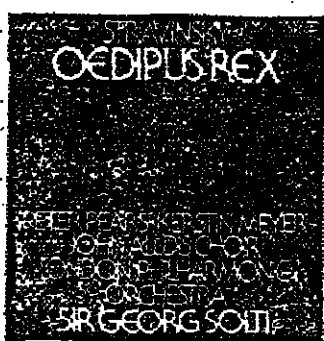
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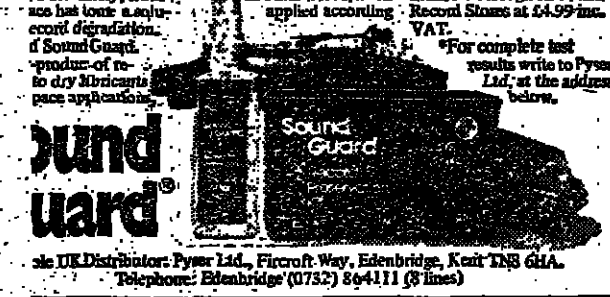


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THE ARTS



Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson in 1937, Dame Madge Kendal in 1902

Photographs from the Mander and Mitchinson Theatre Collection.

Eminent Victorians

As a young man, I often caught a glimpse of two of the great theatrical figures of my parents' time, Sir Squire Bancroft and Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson. I would pass them as they strolled along Piccadilly in their curly-brimmed top hats and frock coats, the one with wavy white hair and a monocle dangling on a moiré ribbon, the other cadaverous, with sculptured features, both men, in their seventies, remained slim, upright, and immensely distinguished.

Of course I never saw either of them on the stage. But I heard glowing praise of "Forbie" from Leon Quartermaine, who was a member of his company, and from his daughter Jean, so like him in appearance and so gifted as an actress throughout her brilliant but tragically brief career. Forbes-Robertson writes in his autobiography that he was only happy in his youth, when he was a painter and left the theatre with intense relief. I was lucky enough to hear him give one of the great Hamlet soliloquies in a lecture and was enormously impressed by his grace and eloquence. A silent film which still exists, though photographed when he was sixty, gives proof of his picturesque gothic gestures and princely bearing.

Bancroft had retired with a fortune many years before I was born. The number of his productions is surprisingly small, but he never failed to continue to attract the public. Diplomacy (a melodrama adapted from Sardou's *Dora*) was his most notable success. When Bancroft and his wife decided they were too old for the youthful roles they had created they replaced themselves with promising young talent and appeared in the older character parts, a very sensible decision. Gerald du Maurier, Owen Nares, and Gladys Cooper appeared in various revivals of the play, which still held the stage until the Thirties.

When Lady Bancroft, a skill-

ful comedienne in the Marie Tempest manner, died, Sir Squire went to live in Albany. From then he would walk each morning to his bank, when he demanded a slip with the amount of his current balance, which he diligently perused before proceeding to lunch at the Garrick Club.

Somewhat morbidly fascinated with mortality, he always visited the bedside of friends who were ill, bearing a large bunch of black muscat grapes. He was also a faithful attendant at funerals and memorial services (as well as fashionable theatrical first nights) and was heard to remark, on his return from a cremation service, still something of a novelty in the Twenties: "A most impressive occasion. And afterwards the relations were kind enough to ask me to go behind."

But to me the most august figure of the late nineteenth century was Dame Madge Kendal. I once saw her driving down Shaftesbury Avenue, redfaced and imposing in full evening dress. For some unknown reason the car was lit up inside, and there she sat, bolt upright, her hair parted in the middle and screwed back into a bun, her neck and shoulders in hand, some decolleté with a sparkling necklace at the throat, and her bodice tightly corseted, with the right arm extended, she exposed like a portrait by Ingres, an awe-inspiring sight.

As a girl she had made her first successes acting at Bristol in a company that included Ellen Terry. Her brother Tom Robertson was the author of *Diplomacy* and other "cup-and-saucer" plays as they were called, which inaugurated a completely new series of realistic ensemble productions. Later she married William Kendal, and together they went into management, believing in the hugely successful partnership which rivalled that of the Bancrofts, and were able to retire, just as the Bancrofts did, with comfortable bank accounts and legendary reputations.

Many people, including my father and James Agate, con-

sidered Mrs Kendal the finest actress in England, a mistress of comedy and domestic drama even surpassing Ellen Terry. She seldom ventured into the classic field, however, and the photographs of her as Rosalind/Ganymede—with Kendal as Orlando sporting a resplendent Victorian moustache—suggest a rather over-cosseted, buskining restraint. But she triumphed in Tree's famous revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* for the Connection in 1902, when she and Ellen Terry shared the honours with him, though Mrs Kendal had always disapproved of Ellen's divorces. "Love affairs," she wrote, "are children. Tree did not want to watch their reunion at the first rehearsal, chuckling with glee at expected tantrums, but the ladies seem to have behaved to one another with admirable restraint, and the subsequent publicity and box office returns did much, no doubt, to sweeten their differences."

On her 80th birthday Dame Madge was asked to record a speech for broadcasting, and she gave the address from *As You Like It*. Arriving at the BBC she was received with respectful ceremony. The director showed her where to stand and pointing to the microphone explained politely that Dame Madge, is your old lady replied with a gracious smile: "Ah, my husband was better looking than that."

Her autobiography is sadly disappointing reading, showing her to have been a tremendous snob, and full of self-pity about her children's treatment of her. She even refused to leave her mother, Dolorosa, though actually she had treated them very cruelly. But evidently she was a brilliant and professional actress, a fine director and trainer of young talents (Marie Lohr even refused to leave her), and spoke of her with affection and respect, and in her last years she was an amusing and impressive personality speaking at public dinners (I once heard her imitate Phelps playing Macbeth) and making appeals to charity. Having been shown

the box when she was later to be received by royalty, before one of these occasions, she announced: "I must go onto the stage for a moment, I haven't said my rose." And descending to the footlights she gazed towards the gallery, where the cleaners were working busily, and called out in silvery tones: "Ladies, can you hear me?"

She wrote several amusing letters to the newspapers depicting the behaviour of the Bright Young Things and castigating the new fashions—cigarette smoking, short skirts, lipsticks, and making-up in public. To the end of her life—as one can see in Oppen's splendid portrait of her in the National Portrait Gallery—she always wore Victorian bonnets decked with flowers and tied with a bow under her chin.

When I was playing *Benedict and Sadler's Wells*, Dorothy Green and I were summoned to her box during an interval, when she greeted us and shortly afterwards dismissed us, as if she were royalty, with two patronisingly gracious remarks. But Seymour Hicks tells a "tragic story" of his last meeting with her. Mortally ill, she sent him an urgent message, and he arrived at her house in Portland Place and was shown in to an empty room with all the blinds drawn. Dame Madge rushed in a few moments later, haggard and dishevelled in a dressing gown and fell to her knees, exclaiming: "I have wronged my children. I am a wicked woman." Mater: Dolorosa indeed.

Only a few weeks ago, she was depicted as a character in a new play, *The Elephant Man*, a poor deformed creature whose horrific appearance created great publicity at the turn of the century. Mrs Kendal visited and befriended her as did also Queen Alexandra. Two of the critics referred to the visiting lady—as "Mrs Kendal", the other as "Mrs Kemble" (could he have mixed her up with Sarah Siddons, perhaps?). Dame Madge would not have been amused at the ephemeral nature of theatrical memoirs.

momentum we know to be there, though much in the movement was knowingly and feelingly projected.

The cello concerto was given a half-hearted performance, for all the flair of the soloist, Zara Nelsova, and her affectionate treatment of the melancholy slow episode in the finale, drew the beautiful melodic line drawn in the Adagio. Goehr's Fugue, played by a full string orchestra, sounded quite traditional by comparison with the fiery performance of Elsdink, who emphasized its emotional concern with the hours of sleep although a noble, full climax was involved.

Several years were to pass before Auction was finally abandoned in favour of Contract; I can recall when both games were being played at the same time (but at different tables) in the Carlton Club. The original aim of the Portland Club card committee in formulating laws for the new game was to accept the American scoring for Contract and to adapt their own code of laws to Auction. It is a pity that the majority calling for Three Clubs counting 18 made superior to Two No trumps counting 20) was the first vital change. Certain Americans had created an "official system" which, despite the authority behind it, the Portland was loath to adopt in its entirety. The London clubs would have been glad to reject a system of hand valuation based on high card and low-card tricks and looked with suspicion on conventional calls.

I was first drawn into a discussion of conventional game-law demand-bids by an American teacher named Madeleine Kerwin who had worked hard to produce, with the aid of what she entitled "The Advisory Council of Bridge Headquarters", *The Official System* which was radically different

An unjust neglect

Waters of the Moon Haymarket

Irving Wardle

For anyone clambering aboard the radical theatre handwagon of 1956 it was obligatory to entertain a low opinion of the works of N. C. Hunter, whose reputation has still not recovered from the bigotry of the angry decade.

This resplendent transfer from Chichester should undo some of the damage, and it is sad that Hunter, unlike Rattigan, did not live to enjoy his rehabilitation. I have never seen *Waters of the Moon* before, and expecting a piece of sentimentally anglicized Chekhov I was quite unprepared for its fine workmanship, its hard comic edge and capacity for doing humane justice to 10 characters within the confines of a well articulated plot. If that also means supplying effective star roles and qualifying as a model Haymarket play, I cannot see that it thereby forfeits anyone's respect.

It is a play for and about the people Orwell labelled the "lower upper-middle class": those who would know exactly how to spend money if only they had it. There are as many of them about now as there were in the years of postwar austerity when the piece first appeared.

What remains remarkable about Hunter's treatment of those shipwrecked remnants of British middle-class respectability, clutching their shreds of dignity about them when their haven is invaded by the rich, is complete independence from the petty rancours of the characters.

Here are the residents of the Dartmoor private hotel, seeking for another long boring evening: here are the glam-

orous Lancaster family, sweeping in from their snow-bound Rolls and treating the place as if they owned it. The situation could not be more polarized, and yet Hunter finds all the time in the world for lingering over the old Colonel's shooting practice, the proprietor's nagging possessiveness towards her, the Austrian refugee's intake of Worcestershire sauce, and other tiresome habits that severally drive the regular household members round the twist.

The one soft spot is the play's vagueness about the newcomers. The residents have individual histories: but we never find out about the Lancasters' money. Still, it hardly matters given such a queen bee as the Helen Lancaster of Ingrid Bergman, for once satiating her most admired qualities, showing the patronage underlying the charm, and the confident insensitivity that Fitzgerald called the carelessness of the rich. "Please sit down," she says on arrival, confident that the best chair will instantly be surrendered for her.

As the days wear on, you can see contempt and boredom hardening under that brisk manner and dazzling smile; but, like the play, the performance lets you see through the character without destroying it.

Wendy Hiller, as Helen's impoverished opposite number, offers another of her studies in icily withdrawn gentility, saving her statue from a deification of speech that brings everything else in the room to a stop—and thus making it seem a gesture of unbelievable generosity when she totters to the piano to play for the dancers. The partnership of Derek Gooley and Frances Cuka is another splendour of Patrick Garland's production which is set amid panelling and a snowy garden of impressively dilapidated grandeur by Alan Tagg.

Dingo Warehouse

Ned Chaillet

War in Charles Wood's subject in *Dingo*, war which offers the title of hero to those who kill and those who are killed, war which, by the example, is supposed to bring peace, but which teaches only the need for better weapons.

Mr Wood looks at the British Army fighting in the Western Desert and sees its battles as unnecessary slaughter: fought only to give Britain a victory before the Americans enter the Second World War. He presents the death of a private soldier in a prison camp in Germany and lets the dead man blame Britain, not the Germans, and Churchill, not Hitler, for his death.

It is a gory, pacifist vendetta, a music hall of military murder. As tanks explode in the desert, the private soldiers, Dingo and Mogg, joke about how long the screaming lasts, saying: "They're all coming over the Lancans." Tank: a more sentimental soldier, brings the charred corpse of his friend, Chalky, on to the stage, using him as a ventriloquist's dummy

until he is convinced it is the body of a German.

Mr Wood's brutal comedy includes a comic who speaks in the voices of Montgomery, Churchill and Eisenhower, and who addresses the audience with jokes before his running pattern is stopped by blood flowing from the mouth of a dead man. The standard heroism of British officers escaping in a prison camp never wearing padded bras and knickers with one such officer faltering in his escape while he welcomes the amorous attentions of a private.

There is invention and the confusion of Barry Kyle's direction, and the fearless punning on the front lines brings much needed levity to the sprawl of Mr Wood's construction. The transfer of the play from its revival at the Royal Shakespeare Company's Other Place in Stratford gives some talented actors a chance to shine, notably Robert Stephens as Tanky, and several of the supporting cast: it is true that hysteria rises in some of the voices too often, and that Mr Wood's moral lessons on the German front are sometimes overwhelmed by *huck Kama* but it is the sort of production that would respond to a more boisterous audience than it had on opening night.

George Malcolm Queen Elizabeth Hall

Thomas Walker

The keyboard sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti have fired romantic imaginations at least since Alessandro Longo's fanciful edition for piano at the beginning of this century. In hearing them played on the harpsichord by George Malcolm one is tempted to exclaim: "Longo lives!"

It is not a tradition I care much for. I should gladly forsake the crescendos and colourful registration facilitated by a surfeit of pedals for what others might regard as monochrome crispness, and I do not find persuasive the extreme rhythmic coddling of every detail, in which Malcolm's Scarlatti seems furiously to shake hands with Brendel's Schubert.

Mr Malcolm is, however, a forceful advocate of his own convictions. On Thursday his

footwork was as deft as it was fancy, and he left us in no doubt as to his care in working out a conception of character in each piece that he chose.

The present fashion is to cluster Scarlatti sonatas in the same key; Mr Malcolm, after a more distant drummer, arranged the 19 works that made up his programme in a complex and engaging succession of tonalities, linked by thirds, or else racing round the circle of fifths.

His selection gave ample scope to both mood painting and virtuoso display. There were contrasts: "Sonata" in G major, such as K199 in D, pervasively contrapuntal ones, such as K87 in B minor or K247 in C sharp minor; and even the modern Italianate K144 in G, which to my ears sounds as if it were written by someone else.

Mr Malcolm's technique was not in top form. But it says much for his assurance of manner that none of the many additional crudities by which he was allowed to impede the music's flow, or seriously lessen its impact.

Bridge

After the Auction—the small print of Contract

Several years were to pass before Auction was finally abandoned in favour of Contract; I can recall when both games were being played at the same time (but at different tables) in the Carlton Club. The original aim of the Portland Club card committee in formulating laws for the new game was to accept the American scoring for Contract and to adapt their own code of laws to Auction. It is a pity that the majority calling for Three Clubs counting 18 made superior to Two No trumps counting 20) was the first vital change. Certain Americans had created an "official system" which, despite the authority behind it, the Portland was loath to adopt in its entirety. The London clubs would have been glad to reject a system of hand valuation based on high card and low-card tricks and looked with suspicion on conventional calls.

I was first drawn into a discussion of conventional game-law demand-bids by an American teacher named Madeleine Kerwin who had worked hard to produce, with the aid of what she entitled "The Advisory Council of Bridge Headquarters", *The Official System* which was radically different

from anything to which we were accustomed in 1930. For instance, she asserted that a response of Two No trumps to an opening bid for one must be regarded as forcing to game and she asked for my cooperation in helping to make the new system understood. I remember that I did not accept her arguments and claimed that I preferred to vary my response according to the calibre of my partner. Mrs Kerwin was absolutely positive that any player whose bidding was elastic was bound to lose while any player who had absorbed a good bidding system could disregard bids made by opponents except as a source of valuable information in approaching a contract.

The failure of the Official System came about when a more comprehensive system had been introduced by the Culbertsons, and after the Portland Club had come to terms with the American Contract Bridge League without surrendering its copy-right in the laws.

These ancient historical tidbits were brought back to my mind when I discovered on my shelves a book entitled *The Quintessence of Cub* which appeared in 1959 and explained a series of conventions in popular use—The Two Clubs forcing to game, Blackwood four-

five No trumps to show aces, and various cue-bids which included the response of an ace to the opening Two Clubs. These new authors—Ewart Kempton and Norman de V Hart—were introducing certain American ideas which had been current for 25 years abroad and which they sought to incorporate. They did not accept the standard limit response, such as Three Spades to One Spade which virtually said: "That is the best I can do for you; you go on at your own risk". Strangely enough, the jump to Three was forcing only if there were no interference; if the responder wished to show his limit he was expected to jump to Four.

The system rejected prepared bids such as the One Club and demanded that a response at the two level should provide 10 points. Opening No trumps were always strong and Two bids (other than Two Clubs) were forcing for one round. On the whole I was opposed to some of the imported features which were more valuable at duplicate than in a rubber. I disliked the guarantee of a fixed number of points for a minimum response. There was nothing original in cue-bidding controls and using Blackwood (or Gerber) to

ensure that an ace was not missing in a slam; but the immediate response to Two Clubs was helpful only where the opening was a powerful two suiter which might suffer from interference. An opening Two Clubs on ♠KQ1095 ♠AKQJ9 ♠A ♠6 was the ideal bid if you knew that your partner's positive response showed a strong suit, but the majority of absolute forcing bids were of a different shape.

I will not elaborate the other objections to this rigid system because the authors included among their examples a deal which, from more than one angle, made history. It was played in the Second World War, and General Eisenhower (South) was in partnership with General Crumpler who has entered dummy with the ♠K after ruffing the club lead and finessed the ♠Q. He then drew trumps and took the remaining tricks after reducing his hand to four spades and squeezing East between his ♠K and spade protection. The intriguing subject is the stage in their bidding where the generals went wrong.

Crumpler put a brake on his partner's bidding by his, possibly premature, double which suggests that he was influenced by the limited skill of the com-

mander-in-chief. I certainly do not care for the jump to Four Diamonds after North has suggested by his double that he holds a singleton diamond. When Ike removed the double, there seems little excuse (other than human frailty) for not finding a bid on the North hand. I should have preferred to hear South bid Four Clubs instead of Four Diamonds (possibly even Three Spades). North was led astray because he had not been told by South of the void in clubs.

The authors and their short discussion of the bidding with a lame comment: "South prefers to go for game or better, rather than take what may turn out to be an indifferent penalty score, but Three Diamonds would hardly excite North; in fact it would tend to depress him. There is, of course, no need for North to bid over Four Diamonds at the part score of 50 unless he is willing to encourage South's obvious slam tendencies." In Crumpler's place I should have been apprehensive of throwing away a lay-down game, and there, I suggest, lies the true answer to this conundrum.

Edward Mayer

Collecting

Porcelain versus pottery

My first loves in antiques were English pottery and porcelain; and they will be my last in the past fortnight. Sotheby's and Christie's have both held sales of English ceramics which have revived my early infatuation: Sotheby's on January 17, Christie's last Monday.

Neither sale was a blockbuster, like those of the Ekstein collection of continental porcelain in the 1950s, or of the Rev Mr Sharpe's collection of teapots in the 1960s.

These were run-of-the-mill sales; yet between them they covered almost the whole gamut of English ceramics, from London delft drug jars and mortared Whieldon pottery to Chelsea figures and superbly over-decorated Rockingham plates.

How to convey to a non-afficionado the charms of English ceramics? The collectors who have been seduced by them include the most disparate people, from W. E. Gladstone to Oscar Wilde. Mark Twain confessed that "The very marks on the bottom of a piece of rare crockery are able to throw me into a gibbering ecstasy". Andrew Lang echoed this sentiment (though he was writing about Chinese wares): "There's a joy without a creaker. There's a pleasure eternally new."

'Tis to gloat on the glaze and Of china that's ancient and blue. But just as some prefer enamelled sylphs and others go for Beethovenian amazons, the lovers of ceramics have their ardent preferences. The real rift is between those who prefer pottery and those who choose porcelain. The pottery fellows revel in the surprising lightness of early wares; the variegated glazes of Whieldon

the naive primitivism of the eighteenth-century "pew group" figures. In pottery they find a warmth and integrity lacking in the bouillottes of china. The porcelain addicts, for their part, scorn the grosser medium and take their delight in the juicy glaze of Chelsea soft-paste, the dashing depiction of exotic birds on Derby, the ghostly green glow of the early Worcester body when held up to the light.

De gustibus non est disputandum, but by coincidence the Sotheby sale and the Christie sale offered some illuminating contrasts between pottery and porcelain of the same period—contrasts of shape, "social status", and value then and now.

For example, lot 15 in the Sotheby sale was a good Whieldon-type teapot and cover of large size (7in), the globular body raised on three paw feet and applied with a flattened scroll handle and curved spout, glazed in mottled manganese and splashed with dashes of green and ochre, on a pale cream ground, the baluster finial being pierced. Lot 213 in the Christie's sale was a Worcester teapot of the Dr Wall period, of faceted globular shape, finely painted with oriental figures among furniture in a fenced garden. This teapot was not dissimilar in shape to the Whieldon-type one, or in size (8½in), but it fetched £420, while the Whieldon-type, in spite of having a repaired spout (duly noted in the Sotheby catalogue) brought almost as much: £400. But in the eighteenth century, when these pieces were first sold, the pottery example would have been far cheaper than the porcelain.

At that time porcelain was no longer, perhaps, regarded

as it had been in earlier centuries—as a material, with almost magic properties, something to be locked in kings' treasuries with their gold and silver. But it was only in the eighteenth century that the English succeeded in making their own porcelain as an alternative to the oriental imports, and porcelain was sold a luxury product, as was the tea it often contained. Hot pollen had to content themselves with earthenware, though occasionally the upper classes might take a condescending interest in the progress of the Staffordshire manufacture, as in a poem of 1740, *Isabella, or, the Morning*, by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in which he portrayed Isabella, Duchess of Manchester (1692-1786) enthusing over contemporary Staffordshire pottery brought her by Richard, brother of Viscount Bateman:

To please the noble dame, the producer a report, made in Staffordshire: With eager eyes the longing Duchess stood.

And o'er and o'er the shining "Such wares as this," she cries, "can England do? It equals Dresden, and outdoes St Cloud: All modern China now shall hide its head, And e'en Chantilly woe, give o'er the trade."

Another Whieldon-versus-Worcester comparison can be made between two mugs in the Sotheby and Christie sales. Here today's prices more accurately reflect the eighteenth-century ratio: the Whieldon pottery example fetched £190 at Sotheby's, while the Worcester porcelain piece made £850 at Christie's. But if I had to express an aesthetic preference between them, I

would choose the Whieldon mug, of which the abstract, non-representational decoration of runny manganese glaze with streaks of green enhances, and does not distract from, the clean lines of the elegant cylindrical body and the characteristic strap handle with pinched kick terminal. By contrast, the rendering of the Beckoning Chinaman on the Worcester mug seems cloddish and provincial.

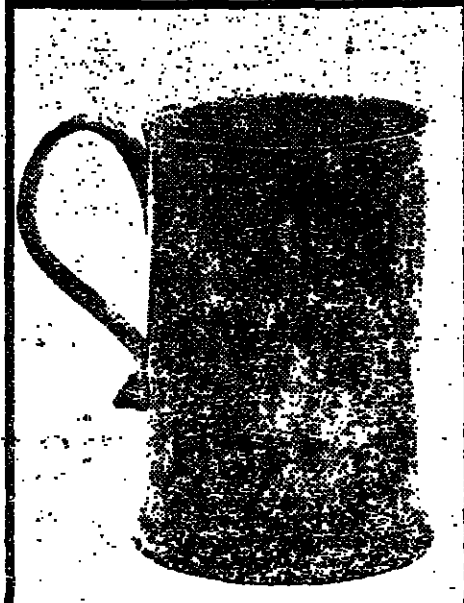
But—and this is the hardest thing of all to explain to someone not smitten with English ceramics—it is this very naivety and maladroitness that gives English porcelain of that period its special charm. Sung porcelain, in all their perfection, could never win their way to the heart in the way this ridiculous pastiche of the Chinese can. It is the imperfections, of the *ersatz* English pastes—the so-called "mugs" that show in Chelsea wares by transmitted light, for example—that beguile: again one thinks of the Beethoven girls and their fetching freckles.

As for the pottery versus porcelain conflict, it is unsolvable, and happily it does not matter enough to anyone for the Russians to take one side, the Americans the other. It was again Andrew Lang who made the perfect comparison between the ephemeral quarrels which exercise the world, and the eternal ones which absorb the collector: "The foolish people raging over Braglaugh and o'er Bright They know not the assuming Of what is 'good' and 'right'.... Can kings or clergies alter The crackle on one plate? Can creeds or systems palter With what is truly great?"

Bevis Hillier



Above left: A Whieldon-type teapot and cover, c. 1765. Sotheby's, £400.



Above right: A Worcester (Dr Wall) faceted globular teapot and cover, Christie's, £420.

Left: A Whieldon mug, c. 1760. Sotheby's, £190.

Right: A Worcester (Dr Wall) cylindrical tankard. Painter's mark of a fouled anchor in iron red. Christie's, £850.

Chess

Political pawns

A reader takes me to task for my flippant treatment of the goings on in the final Candidates match between Korchnoi and Spassky at Belgrade. Now, normally, I follow the practice of the Union of Chess Journalists, to which I have belonged for more than 40 years, in ignoring all critical comments and paying heed only to letters of commendation. But in this instance Mr McIntyre has preceded his criticism with some very nice remarks about my writings and when he finishes his letter by writing that both Korchnoi and Spassky would be troubled and distressed if they chanced to read what I had written then I feel I have to explain and justify my attitude in this matter.

As it happens, I count both Spassky and Korchnoi as friends of mine and would be loath to offend them in any way since I admire them not only as great artists on the chessboard but also for their conduct away from the board. Korchnoi's gallant defiance of the might of the Soviet state and Spassky's chivalrous acceptance of his defeat at Fischer's hands at Reykjavik in 1972, a defeat all the more galling for Fischer's antics away from the board, all this had shown them up in the most favourable possible light, not only to chess-players but to the world at large.

And yet, it was precisely in connection with the match at Reykjavik that I had the sensation of *déjà vu* at Belgrade. It is not perhaps generally known that when the President of the World Chess Federation, Dr Euwe, left Iceland for home after several days' fruitless negotiations with the Russian and American parties in 1972, he delegated to me in my capacity

as the senior FIDE official on the island the task of representing him there. For two months, three days, and six hours I acted as a sort of eminence grise at the match and, as the tragedy-comedy was played out, I did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

By what turned out to be my singular good fortune, I was not asked to go to Belgrade. But it seems to me that both Korchnoi and Spassky were merely reading in "grandmaster Fischer's" footsteps in their extravagant behaviour there. How else can one interpret Korchnoi's expressed belief that someone in the audience was hypnotizing him or Spassky's practice of removing himself from the chess-board even when it was his turn to move and placing himself in a box from which he could view the position on a demonstration board, only emerging to make his move.

According to the testimony of a grandmaster friend whose sober sanity I can trust, an almost universal hysteria pervaded the place. "I seemed to be," he said, "entirely surrounded by lunatics" and it was a sort of cloud-cuckoo-land that could have only been painted by Breughel the Elder.

Mr McIntyre asks me in his letter to try to define the deeper causes for this extraordinary behaviour and I will do my best at the risk of being thought pretentious or portentous, both of which adjectives carry less stigma than being regarded as frivolous.

It seems to me that this malaise is the dark side of the great progress that the game of chess has made of recent years. Never has chess been as popular as it has become in this decade. It is this very popularity that has made all those

who seek power, whether they are politicians, big businessmen or creators of new "religions", aware to an increasing extent of the possibilities of chess for propaganda purposes. With the extension of the game into the everyday lives of most of the peoples in a world now battle-field has been provided for opposing ideologies.

To me as a chess idealist, it seems a little disgusting that chess is now part of the grim battle that has always gone on, in my lifetime at any rate, between the oligarchs who rule the Soviet Empire and their capitalist counterparts in the West. So it can be said that in acting as they did at Belgrade Korchnoi and Spassky were merely behaving as their Petruskas and one can only hope that as the fake magician picks up the straw-filled puppets a Stravinsky-like peal of defiance will arise from the orchestra.

I am now examining the games of the match and I find that they are on the whole better than I had thought them at first glance or than I had been led to believe by the first reports. Here, for example, is an excellent game, the third of the match at Belgrade, 1977. White: V. Korchnoi, Black: B. Spassky. English Opening.

1. P-Q4, 2. P-K3, 3. P-K4, 4. P-K3, 5. P-K4, 6. P-K3, 7. P-K4, 8. P-K3, 9. P-K4, 10. P-K3, 11. P-K4, 12. P-K3, 13. P-K4, 14. P-K3, 15. P-K4, 16. P-K3, 17. P-K4, 18. P-K3, 19. P-K4, 20. P-K3, 21. P-K4, 22. P-K3, 23. P-K4, 24. P-K3, 25. P-K4, 26. P-K3, 27. P-K4, 28. P-K3, 29. P-K4, 30. P-K3, 31. P-K4, 32. P-K3, 33. P-K4, 34. P-K3, 35. P-K4, 36. P-K3, 37. P-K4, 38. P-K3, 39. P-K4, 40. P-K3, 41. P-K4, 42. P-K3, 43. P-K4, 44. P-K3, 45. P-K4, 46. P-K3, 47. P-K4, 48. P-K3, 49. P-K4, 50. P-K3, 51. P-K4, 52. P-K3, 53. P-K4, 54. P-K3, 55. P-K4, 56. P-K3, 57. P-K4, 58. P-K3, 59. P-K4, 60. P-K3, 61. P-K4, 62. P-K3, 63. P-K4, 64. P-K3, 65. P-K4, 66. P-K3, 67. P-K4, 68. P-K3, 69. P-K4, 70. P-K3, 71. P-K4, 72. P-K3, 73. P-K4, 74. P-K3, 75. P-K4, 76. P-K3, 77. P-K4, 78. P-K3, 79. P-K4, 80. P-K3, 81. P-K4, 82. P-K3, 83. P-K4, 84. P-K3, 85. P-K4, 86. P-K3, 87. P-K4, 88. P-K3, 89. P-K4, 90. P-K3, 91. P-K4, 92. P-K3, 93. P-K4, 94. P-K3, 95. P-K4, 96. P-K3, 97. P-K4, 98. P-K3, 99. P-K4, 100. P-K3, 101. P-K4, 102. P-K3, 103. P-K4, 104. P-K3, 105. P-K4, 106. P-K3, 107. P-K4, 108. P-K3, 109. P-K4, 110. P-K3, 111. P-K4, 112. P-K3, 113. P-K4, 114. P-K3, 115. P-K4, 116. P-K3, 117. P-K4, 118. P-K3, 119. P-K4, 120. P-K3, 121. P-K4, 122. P-K3, 123. P-K4, 124. P-K3, 125. P-K4, 126. P-K3, 127. P-K4, 128. P-K3, 129. P-K4, 130. P-K3, 131. P-K4, 132. P-K3, 133. P-K4, 134. P-K3, 135. P-K4, 136. P-K3, 137. P-K4, 138. P-K3, 139. P-K4, 140. P-K3, 141. P-K4, 142. P-K3, 143. P-K4, 144. P-K3, 145. P-K4, 146. P-K3, 147. P-K4, 148. P-K3, 149. P-K4, 150. P-K3, 151. P-K4, 152. P-K3, 153. P-K4, 154. P-K3, 155. P-K4, 156. P-K3, 157. P-K4, 158. P-K3, 159. P-K4, 160. P-K3, 161. P-K4, 162. P-K3, 163. P-K4, 164. P-K3, 165. P-K4, 166. P-K3, 167. P-K4, 168. P-K3, 169. P-K4, 170. P-K3, 171. P-K4, 172. P-K3, 173. P-K4, 174. P-K3, 175. P-K4, 176. P-K3, 177. P-K4, 178. P-K3, 179. P-K4, 180. P-K3, 181. P-K4, 182. P-K3, 183. P-K4, 184. P-K3, 185. P-K4, 186. P-K3, 187. P-K4, 188. P-K3, 189. P-K4, 190. P-K3, 191. P-K4, 192. P-K3, 193. P-K4, 194. P-K3, 195. P-K4, 196. P-K3, 197. P-K4, 198. P-K3, 199. P-K4, 200. P-K3, 201. P-K4, 202. P-K3, 203. P-K4, 204. P-K3, 205. P-K4, 206. P-K3, 207. P-K4, 208. P-K3, 209. P-K4, 210. P-K3, 211. P-K4, 212. P-K3, 213. P-K4, 214. P-K3, 215. P-K4, 216. P-K3, 217. P-K4, 218. P-K3, 219. P-K4, 220. P-K3, 221. P-K4, 222. P-K3, 223. P-K4, 224. P-K3, 225. P-K4, 226. P-K3, 227. P-K4, 228. P-K3, 229. P-K4, 230. P-K3, 231. P-K4, 232. P-K3, 233. P-K4, 234. P-K3, 235. P-K4, 236. P-K3, 237. P-K4, 238. P-K3, 239. P-K4, 240. P-K3, 241. P-K4, 242. P-K3, 243. P-K4, 244. P-K3, 245. P-K4, 246. P-K3, 247. P-K4, 248. P-K3, 249. P-K4, 250. P-K3, 251. P-K4, 252. P-K3, 253. P-K4, 254. P-K3, 255. P-K4, 256. P-K3, 257. P-K4, 258. P-K3, 259. P-K4, 260. P-K3, 261. P-K4, 262. P-K3, 263. P-K4, 264. P-K3, 265. P-K4, 266. P-K3, 267. P-K4, 268. P-K3, 269. P-K4, 270. P-K3, 271. P-K4, 272. P-K3, 273. P-K4, 274. P-K3, 275. P-K4, 276. P-K3, 277. P-K4, 278. P-K3, 279. P-K4, 280. P-K3, 281. 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P-K4, 642. P-K3, 643. P-K4, 644. P-K3, 645. P-K4, 646. P-K3, 647. P-K4, 648. P-K3, 649. P-K4, 650. P-K3, 651. P-K4, 652. P-K3, 653. P-K4, 654. P-K3, 655. P-K4, 656. P-K3, 657. P-K4, 658. P-K3, 659. P-K4, 660. P-K3, 661. P-K4, 662. P-K3, 663. P-K4, 664. P-K3, 665. P-K4, 666. P-K3, 667. P-K4, 668. P-K3, 669. P-K4, 670. P-K3, 671. P-K4, 672. P-K3, 673. P-K4, 674. P-K3, 675. P-K4, 676. P-K3, 677. P-K4, 678. P-K3, 679. P-K4, 680. P-K3, 681. P-K4, 682. P-K3, 683. P-K4, 684. P-K3, 685. P-K4, 686. P-K3, 687. P-K4, 688. P-K3, 689. P-K4, 690. P-K3, 691. P-K4, 692. P-K3, 693. P-K4, 694. P-K3, 695. P-K4, 696. P-K3, 697. P-K4, 698. P-K3, 699. P-K4, 700. P-K3, 701. P-K4, 702. P-K3, 703. P-K4, 704. P-K3, 705. P-K4, 706. P-K3, 707. P-K4, 708. P-K3, 709. P-K4, 710. P-K3, 711. P-K4, 712. P-K3, 713. P-K4, 714. P-K3, 715. P-K4, 716. P-K3, 717. P-K4, 718. P-K3, 719. P-K4, 720. P-K3, 721. P-K4, 722. P-K3, 723. P-K4, 724. P-K3, 725. P-K4, 726. P-K3, 727. P-K4, 728. P-K3, 729. P-K4, 730. P-K3, 731. P-K4, 732. P-K3, 733. P-K4, 734. P-K3, 735. P-K4, 736. P-K3, 737. P-K4, 738. P-K3, 739. P-K4, 740. P-K3, 741. P-K4, 742. P-K3, 743. P-K4, 744. P-K3, 745. P-K4, 746. P-K3, 747. P-K4, 748. P-K3, 749. P-K4, 750. P-K3, 751. P-K4, 752. P-K3, 753. P-K4, 754. P-K3, 755. P-K4, 756. P-K3, 757. P-K4, 758. P-K3, 759. P-K4, 760. P-K3, 761. P-K4, 762. P-K3, 763. P-K4, 764. P-K3, 765. P-K4, 766. P-K3, 767. P-K4, 768. P-K3, 769. P-K4, 770. P-K3, 771. P-K4, 772. P-K3, 773. P-K4, 774. P-K3, 775. P-K4, 776. P-K3, 777. P-K4, 778. P-K3, 779. P-K4, 780. P-K3, 781. P-K4, 782. P-K3, 783. P-K4, 784. P-K3, 785. P-K4, 786. P-K3, 787. P-K4, 788. P-K3, 789. P-K4, 790. P-K3, 791. P-K4, 792. P-K3, 793. P-K4, 794. P-K3, 795. P-K4, 796. P-K3, 797. P-K4, 798. P-K3, 799. P-K4, 800. P-K3, 801. P-K4, 802. P-K3, 803. P-K4, 804. P-K3, 805. P-K4, 806. P-K3, 807. P-K4, 808. P-K3, 809. P-K4, 810. P-K3, 811. P-K4, 812. P-K3, 813. P-K4, 814. P-K3, 815. P-K4, 816. P-K3, 817. P-K4, 818. P-K3, 819. P-K4, 820. P-K3, 821. P-K4, 822. P-K3, 823. P-K4, 824. P-K3, 825. P-K4, 826. P-K3, 827. P-K4, 828. P-K3, 829. P-K4, 830. P-K3, 831. P-K4, 832. P-K3, 833. P-K4, 834. P-K3, 835. P-K4, 836. P-K3, 837. P-K4, 838. P-K3, 839. P-K4, 840. P-K3, 841. P-K4, 842. P-K3, 843. P-K4, 844. P-K3, 845. P-K4, 846. P-K3, 847. P-K4, 848. P-K3, 849. P-K4, 850. P-K3, 851. P-K4, 852. P-K3, 853. P-K4, 854. P-K3, 855. P-K4, 856. P-K3, 857. P-K4, 858. P-K3, 859. P-K4, 860. P-K3, 861. P-K4, 862. P-K3, 863. P-K4, 864. P-K3, 865. P-K4, 866. P-K3, 867. P-K4, 868. P-K3, 869. P-K4, 870. P-K3, 871. P-K4, 872. P-K3, 873. P-K4, 874. P-K3, 875. P-K4, 876. P-K3, 877. P-K4, 878. P-K3, 879. P-K4, 880. P-K3, 881. P-K4, 882. P-K3, 883. P-K4, 884. P-K3, 885. P-K4, 886. P-K3, 887. P-K4, 888. P-K3, 889. P-K4, 890. P-K3, 891. P-K4, 892. P-K3, 893. P-K4, 894. P-K3, 895. P-K4, 896. P-K3, 897. P-K4, 898. P-K3, 899. P-K4, 900. P-K3, 901. P-K4, 902. P-K3, 903. P-K4, 904. P-K3, 905. P-K4, 906. P-K3, 907. P-K4, 908. P-K3, 909. P-K4, 910. P-K3, 911. P-K4, 912. P-K3, 913. P-K4, 914. P-K3, 915. P-K4, 916. P-K3, 917. P-K4, 918. P-K3, 919. P-K4, 920. P-K3, 921. P-K4, 922. P-K3, 923. P-K4, 924. P-K3, 925. P-K4, 926. P-K3, 927. P-K4, 928. P-K3, 929. P-K4, 930. P-K3, 931. P-K4, 932. P-K3, 933. P-K4, 934. P-K3, 935. P-K4, 936. P-K3, 937. P-K4, 938. P-K3, 939. P-K4, 940. P-K3, 941. P-K4, 942. P-K3, 943. P-K4, 944. P-K3, 945. P-K4, 946

Drink Delicate air

is to be enjoyed and the temperature at which it is served is of importance. Achieving the acceptable temperature is not, however, a simple task. The increasing number of gadgets for taking the temperature of a bottle even a single glass are unnecessary: even the experienced can rely entirely on the temperature by putting his hand on the bottle later, tasting the wine, and, if necessary, conducting the experiments.

frequently forgotten that the temperature and the humidity of the room should be taken into account. The temperature of the wine can be used appropriately. In a possibly, centrally heated atmosphere, white and red wines may require to be served at a slightly lower temperature than the same wines in a damp, post-war, city atmosphere, they may start by being too warm.

many white, rose and red wines tend to be too cold for the drinker. The benefits of their bouquet and flavour: if they are too cold, they can hardly be enjoyed and will taste of very little. The big sweet French can take a little more than the more delicate of the white wines. But the temperature of a deep, dam-cellar is probably ideal. At 14-16°C for still and 12-13°C for sparkling wines, it is quite cool, unless you are serving on a very hot day; the temperature of the wine will find them a pleasant contrast if they make effect on the palate without locking it.

ies should not be left for in any refrigerator—if there, they assume a flat, flavour. For most purposes, a couple of hours in the cold air will be adequate. A bucket of water—not ice—about a wine to a refreshment in about 12, unless the outside temperature is very high, in the level of the ice and must be up or above the level of the wine in the and, if the bottle neck up out of the bucket, the bottle upside down, so when the wine is poured, it goes through the well-neck of the bottle. If it is a great hurry for a wine put the bottle in the refrigerator so the wine can be poured cold receptacle. It is times forgotten that a

small quantity of liquid will warm to the temperature of the atmosphere faster than a large one, so, if you are waiting for wine to cool down, but want a drink, pour a small quantity only into the glasses at first. Remember, too, that wine in a bucket of ice and water will go on getting cooler if left there.

In a fairly warm restaurant, the bottle can stay in the bucket for a time, but it is worth checking that the wine does not become too cold. If it has previously been in a cellar or a cold "dispense", then the bottle should probably be taken out of the bucket before half of the contents have been decanted. To go on drinking a complex white wine that is steadily getting colder may give the impression that the wine declines in charm, whereas it is merely getting harder to taste.

Another help with still white wines of quality is always to draw the cork 10-15 minutes before you are going to serve them, even if you then return them to wherever they are being chilled, with the cork tightly resealed. This slight aeration will "disperse" any "bottle stink" of the stale air under the cork, which sometimes gives an unfavourable initial impression to the taster.

Sherry and all aperitif wines should be chilled—to about 16-18°C is usually most pleasant and has the effect of "polishing" the wine as well as making it refreshing to the palate. If you decant your sherry, chill the decanter as well as the bottle before pouring in the wine. But, in the winter, Britons can achieve perfectly satisfactory coolness in wines by letting our cold, damp atmosphere work for them; indeed, one friend in the wine trade always chills wines for a winter party by putting them in a shaded part of the garden several hours ahead of time.

Once I compared bottles of the same wine cooled in the refrigerator (for about 11 hours), the ice bucket (15 minutes) and cold window sill (about an hour) and the wine on the window sill seemed the best. Wine does not like shocks and sudden changes of temperature, which is why it should never be put in the freezer, from which it never really recovers. A jacket of cold, damp air seems to bring down its temperature perfectly. If you are fortunate enough to have a cold damp cellar, of course, this is ideal. If you wrap the bottles in tissue, the damp will not harm the labels.

Pamela Vandyke Price

Travel Offshore fun



Where sheep may safely graze: unspoilt Shetland.

According to a recent note from the Civil Aviation Authority, Sumburgh in the Shetland Islands is Britain's fastest growing airport, and it needs no genius to realize this growth is a result of what the CAA calls "oil-related traffic". The number of passenger and aircraft movements has quadrupled between 1973 and 1975 and only two days ago the airport consultative committee met to discuss proposals for the building of a new terminal.

Now all this is very fine, but what makes the news particularly relevant as far as I am concerned is that it was at exactly this time of the year that I paid a visit to the Shetlands to observe and in the event to participate in, an ancient Viking festival.

The Shetlands have strange names about them like Unst and Fetlar. Whalsey and Papa Stour and they are by name and nature Norse. Even more so on the last Tuesday in January which marks the end of the winter solstice and is the day of the festival. Then, from Saxavord and Gloup, from Nohmavine, Vidlin and Sandness, from all points of the Shetland compass the islanders (and doubtless this year the oil-related traffic) gather in Lerwick. "Up-Helly-Aa" they call it, and I have a theory that the call is practised throughout the year on the nearby island of Yell.

According to one authority, the Norse festival of Yule (Christmas) was the longest of all their feasts, lasting for over three weeks and ending with a binge of mind-boggling magnificence. With the coming of Christianity the Yule festival became Christmas and the twenty-fourth night after Christmas was called "Up-Helly-Aa"—the "up ending" of the holy days. Though the Gregorian calendar was generally adopted in 1751 it was not until 1879 that the change was accepted in Shetland. People there celebrated Christmas on January 6, with the festival in consequence falling at the end of that month. As it still does.

And this is why I found myself, with a group of fellow journalists, trundling by bus from Sumburgh to Lerwick through the darkness and the rain, feeling like the assembled characters at the start of an Agatha Christie plot, and using the time by inventing a host of new pagan deities. (Sog, goddess of rain; Krash, god of bus drivers; Kramp, god of writers—and so on. It seemed amusing at the time.)

An hotel normally closed during winter had been opened up to accommodate our group, but the generosity of this gesture had not extended to air-ing or warming the place, save for the open fire in the bar around which we remained clustered. I have no doubt that with the passing of time the hotel now remains open all year round, and caters for the "oil trade" as well as summertime visitors. My memories are of inexplicably reversed water taps—having washed in cold water from the "hot" tap, I scalded my mouth trying to clean my teeth from the "cold"—and of envelopes containing press information which sealed themselves when left in the dampness of the bedroom. Enough of this. Back to "Up-Helly-Aa".

It was not until 1885 that the festival was organized in any way. Until then it had been an affair of simple yet picturesque chaos with "home-made" fireworks, burning tar barrels and street fighting. Organization turned it into a torchlit procession and after a while that procession culminated in the burning of a model ship. Different models were tried, but the Viking Galleon finally became the accepted choice, stressing as it did the Norse theme of the event. Early in the 1900s the Chief Guizer adopted Viking dress, and became known as the Guizer Jarl. "Guizer" which may well be the Norse origin of the cockney "geezey"—means a disguised man, so the Guizer Jarl is one who adopts the dress of an earl.

We met the Jarl on the day of the procession—an impressive bearded man with a raven-winged helmet and other Wagnerian trimmings, and it was suggested that a similar festival, during summer, would attract visitors to the Shetlands. He dismissed the suggestion in a few terse phrases, most of which betrayed their pagan origins and upset our official hosts who had been persuading us that a summer festival would be a good thing.

After he had left to gather up his squad of supporters we went out into the dark streets for the great event. The procession is made up of squads from dif-

ferent parts of the islands, each squad in a fancy dress theme which forms the basis of its "act" later in the evening. A bugle call was the signal for the torches to be lit and the procession to begin, and we watched the squads march by. There were men dressed as apes, men dressed as poodles and a considerable number dressed as women. The procession made its way to the burning ground and, after marching and counter-marching, the signal was given for torches to be thrown into the Dragon Ship.

The conclusion of the parade is only the beginning of the festivities, for dances and parties are held in every hall in Lerwick. The squads do the rounds, performing their acts, but for those of us who had expected pagan revelries, Viking songs and Viking dances, the

evening was a disappointment. There is something decidedly un-pagan about the St Berdard Waltz. Specially when danced by men dressed up as poodles.

But "Up-Helly-Aa" is an experience one does not forget. Nor, for that matter, are the Shetland Islands. There are 109 of them, though only 22 are inhabited and some of them only just, and when you are in Lerwick you are as far from London as Marseilles or Berlin. These islands are the "Ultima Thule" of the Romans and a delight, today, to the ornithologist and angler in particular. For the former, over 300 species of birds include fulmars and squaws. Many shearwaters and red-tailed phalaropes and the snowy owl which may be seen in the Fetlar Nature Reserve. For anglers the promise of shark over 400lb, huge skate and

halibut around the 200lb mark as well as cod, add pollack. The Shetlands provide a holiday location for those who revel in unspoilt scenery and the panorama of cliffs and sea-lochs and islands. There are archaeological sites, monuments and museums and, above all, a sense of timelessness. Next Tuesday's "Up-Helly-Aa" is a unique manifestation of Shetland history and culture—and humour. For the majority of visitors, however, it is the Shetlands of summer which will attract.

The Shetland Tourist Organization has an information centre at Lerwick, Shetland, ZE1 0LL, and information may also be obtained from the Scottish Tourist Board at 23 Ravelston Terrace, Edinburgh, EH4 3EU.

John Carter

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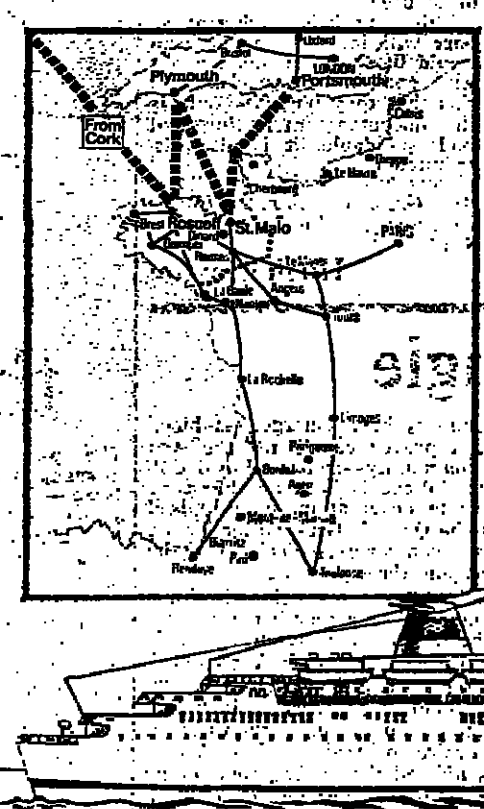
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THE BOURGUBA INHERITANCE

ew countries on either shore of the Mediterranean have had such a quiet and untroubled history in the past ten years as Tunisia. Since the eviction of the Ahmed Ben Salah, the "minister" who had tried to drag the entire Tunisian economy into a form of operative socialism, in 1969, a only major upheavals have seen the country's sudden swing back from the brink of civil war in 1974 and the discovery of a plot to assassinate the President and the Minister in 1976. It was probably not entirely coincidental that Mr Ben Salah's fall, generally seen as marking both the end of the right and a consolidation of the internal cohesion of President Bourguiba's regime, occurred only a few days after the Libyan revolution, and there is no doubt that since then Mr Bourguiba has seen the ambitions of a wealthy neighbour, Colonel Gaddafi, as constituting the most serious threat to Tunisia's internal stability.

Those ambitions, real or imagined, also form an essential part of the background to the present crisis. Mr Habib Achour, a leader of the General Union of Tunisian Workers (UGTT) which is now in revolt against Government, visited Tripoli in September and had a meet-

ing with Colonel Gaddafi in the presence of Mr. Mohammed Masmoudi, the former Tunisian foreign minister who went into exile after the plans for union with Libya broke down in 1974. Mr Masmoudi has since returned to Tunisia and has several times declared his support for the UGTT. Meanwhile Mr Achour has set up a branch of the UGTT in Libya for the fifty thousand Tunisian guest-workers there, and a member of the UGTT executive on a recent visit to Tripoli signed a joint communiqué with the Libyan trade unions supporting the Arab "firmness" from "against President Sadat".

It can be assumed, therefore, that Colonel Gaddafi is following the Tunisian crisis with lively interest. But this time the crisis itself can hardly be dismissed as the result of a Libyan plot. The UGTT has been able to bring hundreds of thousands of workers out on strike, and thousands into the streets to risk their lives demonstrating against the Government. Most of these people are clearly genuinely motivated by economic grievances and the issue more immediately at stake—by determination to defend the right of their trade union to speak on their behalf.

That such a crisis can occur in a way a back-handed

tribute to the regime. The very existence of a large industrial working-class is the result of economic development achieved without oil or other easily marketable natural resources. The fact that the officially recognized trade union can act as a genuine spokesman for working-class grievances suggests a degree of pluralism highly unusual in one-party states; and the fact that the revolt has not been crushed sooner or more brutally also reflects at least a relative liberalism and tolerance on the regime's side.

There are certainly many worse countries to live in, whether for workers or for political dissidents. But, as too often in the Third World, political stability has been allowed to rest on the single pillar of one man's personal prestige. President Bourguiba's countrymen have a lot to thank him for, but for too long the cult of his personality in Tunisia has been used as a substitute for the development of a coherent political system. We now see a trial of strength between rival institutions (the trade unions versus the party) which are also power-bases for rival candidates for the succession. There is a danger that the issue will be decided by armed force, or, still worse, by outside intervention.

Sharing communion services

From Lord Fletcher
Sir, I should like to welcome and endorse the courageous appeal of the Archbishop of Canterbury made in Westminster Cathedral as reported on the front page of today's issue (January 26).

The Archbishop was expressing the feelings of a great many Anglicans, both lay and clerical, about our relationship with the Roman Catholic fellow Christians and our desire to share communion with them.

My own experience over the last 10 years or so is that I am welcomed and encouraged to take communion in Catholic churches on the continent of Europe in the same way that I am welcomed so to do in Lutheran churches in Switzerland. I find no inconsistency in witnessing to the Christian faith in any local community—going so far as to have no sense of disloyalty to the Church of England. Indeed, as the Archbishop said in his sermon, one is conscious of some contrast for one's attitude in this country to Catholics in past years.

I must admit I felt some embarrassment at the address in Westminster Cathedral in today's *The Times* (January 26) your Religious Affairs Correspondent slips in his own conclusion that is neither justified nor true. He states that "Anglican thinking is that the remaining doctrinal differences between the two Churches are so small compared with the known areas of agreement that unity is already sufficiently present in belief to overcome the Roman Catholic objections". One might ask: "Whose Anglican thinking?" and "What does he mean by the small doctrinal differences?"

Surely, we all pray that the Spirit of God will move the Churches in new ways towards unity. However, these ways must always be in line with what the Lord has declared in Holy Scripture.

In June 1977, over 100 Anglicans from throughout the worldwide communion signed an "Open Letter" to the Archbishops and Bishops on relations between the Anglican Churches and the Roman Catholic and Orthodox Churches. I was happy to put my signature to that letter because:

(1) It recognized a new spirit of cooperation and openness between the Churches in the search for theological agreement.

(2) However, it pointed out that within this new spirit there were areas that cannot and I would suggest "dare not" be ignored. More discussion and deeper agreement is needed in the areas of (i) Scripture and Tradition, (ii) Justification, (iii) Church and Ministry, and (iv) the Holy Communion.

Church unity must be based upon sure and lasting foundations. If not, it will only produce an unstable, weak Church.

Yours faithfully,
DON IRVING,
Secretary of Church Society,
7 Wine Office Court, EC4.

British obligations to dependencies

From Mr. John Davies, MP for Knaresborough (Conservative)
Sir, Your leading article today (January 26) "A Talent to Appear" does indeed highlight what seems to have been a persistent and dangerous tendency in the present Government's policy about our continuing external responsibilities. We have deep moral obligations to Belize, the Falkland Islands, Gibraltar and indeed other dependencies. We must not fail to live fully up to those obligations.

The one quarrel I have with your leading article is that it seems to imply that any British Government would behave as the present one has. If the record is examined, it will be seen that my colleagues in the Conservative Party and I have repeatedly over the past year or more called the Government to account for its handling of these matters. We have made it abundantly clear that we disapprove of negotiations aimed at ceding the territory or interests in those areas overseas. We have stressed that our concern is the greatest where those negotiations take place with countries whose human rights records are abysmal.

The inference of your leading article that we would have behaved or would behave in government in the same way is wrong, and I feel obliged to correct it.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN DAVIES,
House of Commons,
January 26.

From Mr. Tom Dallyell, MP for West Lothian (Labour)
Sir, In August 1977, on my way to the European Parliament-Latin American Conference in Mexico City, I spent three days in Belize on a private visit. Having gone there, sceptical about whether British Forces should ever have become involved in Central America in the 1970s, I came away convinced that we were right to commit our Army and RAF.

Fighting in the Ogaden

From Mr. Basil Davidson
Sir, In response to my friend Richard Pankhurst (January 26), I would say that the work of helpful reconciliation has been done in Ethiopia since the signing of the Addis Ababa Declaration in 1974. It is not to be denied, however, that the Ogaden, and in Somali remembrance of whatever is not substantial, or solidly justified, in her own claim to reunite the bulk of the Somali community. I take it that the latter consideration would apply to the case of the Ogaden (Oromo) population, and the town of Harar itself.

The wider objective, of course, and the principal reason for supporting the Somalis at this juncture, is not to be seen in any terms of "X" versus "Y" in terms of a regional reconciliation of the most obviously include an acceptable settlement of the Eritrean question. This regional reconciliation is what responsible persons on the Somali and Eritrean sides have long been pressing for, and in the case of the Eritreans, long felt themselves obliged to fight for.

In the circumstances of today's defence of the Ethiopian empire, *telles quelle*, is neither morally nor politically feasible. And the wisdom of the outside world, in this whole matter, will be judged by its capacity to understand this, and to help towards constructive change.

Yours truly,
BASIL DAVIDSON,
2 Palace Yard,
Hereford,
January 26.

Control of V & A Museum

From Mr. Nikolaus Boulting
Sir, I am sure that I am expressing the views of all those working in schools of art and design, both staff and students, in writing to endorse the appeal by Lord Goodman and Gibson (Thursday, January 19) that the Victoria and Albert Museum should be transferred from direct control to the control of an independent board of trustees appointed by the government.

We all deplore the Friday closure of the Museum and the reduction of the regional services by the demise of that department connected with the countrywide circulation of exhibitions. Friday closure deprives both scholars and art and design students of one of their richest sources. The threatened closure of up to one-third of the Museum's galleries on any one of the opening days is alarming. It is bad enough that, for example, the Jewellery Gallery and the Textile Study Room are so often closed.

Apart from providing a unique public collection and research material, the V & A Museum was specifically intended

to help students of art and design. Certainly today museum study is as important as ever in art and design education.

Hugh Leggett (January 19) argues that "the same (trustee) status and independence as the British Museum, the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery would allow the Victoria and Albert Museum not simply to integrate these parts of the Museum's service that have suffered cutbacks but would also allow the staff to maintain the very high and creative standards we have come to expect from them. This might well include the development of areas that are in danger of neglect—far example, modern design and traditional functional design."

Their Lordships can take care of the Upper House but, as Mr Leggett suggests, it is not their business to be our way of initiating the obvious change through the Commons.

Yours,
NIKOLAUS BOULTING,
Central School of Art and Design,
Southampton Row, WC1,
January 20.

Singing tremulously

From Mr. D. E. A. Sibley
Sir, The Victorian songs and ballads that are heard with growing frequency on the BBC are almost always sung in very melodramatic style, the singer using a marked tremolo or vibrato. This may be entertaining, but is it authentic?

Gramophone records made in the 1900s suggest that singers of these days—who must at least have been trained in the late Victorian era—performed with notable restraint and certainly with very little tremolo.

The records of Adeline Patt are especially interesting. Her singing career (1850 to 1905) was nearly as long as Victoria's reign, and since she was very greatly admired she must have had no little influence on the vocal style of her time. Now Patti considered excessive tremolo "the most objectionable and inexcusable of vocal faults."

She undoubtedly practised what she preached. Her records, made in 1905-06 at the age of 62, reveal a voice whose steadiness, and sweetness, have not faded with age. Yours faithfully,
ANGUS SIBLEY,
25 Westmont Avenue,
Chatham,
Kent,
January 20.

Behaving like animals

From Mr. Alan Long
Sir, Mr. Stuart-Smith (January 21) displays a little of the arrogance of the world's most remorseless predator, for that is the dubious distinction of our own species. Farm animals, especially in transit, in markets, and on the "joy-ride" to the slaughterhouse, are crammed together in cattle-truck conditions and unable to establish social groups; understandably, they may even need to be drugged with tranquillizers. Vices, such as cannibalism, will develop in livestock kept in the whorl conditions of modern farming, which must induce much more than Mr. Stuart-Smith's

"a quite unreasoning fear" in them—as well as in some human observers.

Human communities under the stress of massing and mobbing show signs of similar trends to viciousness. Maternity units in some of our hospitals, offering little opportunity for the mothers to nurse their babies, remind me all too sharply of battery units. Our human world is running short of tender, loving care. How small we become in making the cow's care for her calf, even under the stress we inflict on her!

Good wishes,
ALAN LONG,
The Vegetarian Society,
53 Marlborough Road, W8.

AFEGUARDS FOR SATELLITES

e Russian satellite which integrated over Canada this week has given a fair warning of the dangers that arise from putting nuclear reactors in space. This was not the first time that a satellite with radioactive material on board came down through the atmosphere. But it was the first time that it had involved one of the all reactors used by the Russians in some of their spacecraft, and it could have done considerable damage if it had landed without being burnt up the way down, in a populated area. As it happened, it disintegrated over a remote part of northern Canada, and it is still clear how much of it survived the fall through the atmosphere. But this was a matter of chance, since the satellite had gone completely out of control before plunging earth.

his presumably was why the Americans showed so much concern about Cosmos 954 when they noticed that it was behaving oddly last month. They knew it was a military satellite, that it used a nuclear reactor, which has Uranium 235 fuel and has a chain reaction that produces other radioactive materials. By their own account, Americans have only once reached a satellite with this kind of reactor on board, in 1965, and have since given up the technique. But the Russians have put these reactors in a trail of their spacecraft,

especially their surveillance satellites, because they find them better suited than solar panels to the low orbits they are required to fly.

Their normal procedure, when one of them runs into trouble, is to eject the reactor far out into space into an orbit which will keep it away from the earth for anything from 500 to 1,000 years. During this time the radioactivity gradually decays. The Americans estimate that the Russians have done this more than 10 times, and they themselves did the same with their reactor. Unfortunately, however, Cosmos 954 went out of control last month, and the ejection method failed. The Americans raised the issue with the Russians, and received an assurance that there was no danger of a nuclear explosion, but remained anxious about what might happen.

Clearly an incident of this sort is of concern to more than just the Russians, the Americans and the Canadians. There is a suggestion that the Russians have done anything illegal, since the main United Nations treaty on outer space, which came into effect in 1967 and bans the use of nuclear weapons in space, does not mention this sort of use of radioactive materials. But no country can be happy with the thought that something might go wrong another time, and radioactive materials land somewhere else. The proper place for taking it up is

obviously the United Nations Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space, which has now been responsible for four international agreements on different aspects of the use of space, from liability for damage to the registration of objects that are launched.

It will not be easy to reach agreement, not least because of the sensitivity that the Russians are bound to show over satellites they put to military use. Even in this case, they were reluctant to give information when they were first approached by the Americans, and would presumably have wanted to hush it all up if they had had the chance. The Americans, too, have experimented with small nuclear generators in some of their satellites, though they have usually been smaller than the Russian reactors. They have used radioactive materials, which create heat, but have not involved the chain reaction associated with Uranium 235. But the dangers are such that the international community has to decide whether it wants to continue to run the risks revealed by this week's incident.

In their comments on the case, the Americans have taken great trouble not to put the Russians in the dock, and have talked of very effective international co-operation. If nuclear materials are to continue to be used in space, there should at least be a freer exchange of information about them.

European Parliament site

From Mr. Hugh Dukes, MP for Harrow, East (Conservative)
Sir, Mr. Dibble's letter (January 25 edition) on the siting of the European Parliament merely refers to the arguments for Brussels as the logical choice. It is not possible to argue that there is no logic in its present nomadic existence.

However, there are strong arguments for Luxembourg, which should not be dismissed too easily. There are in fact a number of residual arguments for Strasbourg which are increasingly overtaken by history and events.

Although there are travel complications to Luxembourg at present, these would undoubtedly be reduced quickly in the future if the Luxembourg Government could confidently expect the Parliament to stay there permanently. Moreover, although the regular incidence of fog adds to travel complications in the winter, new equipment at Luxembourg Airport over the next decade would undoubtedly take care of much of this headache.

It has been put to me also that Luxembourg would wish to add to her fleet of commercial planes to cater for greater traffic, and the appropriate financing arrangements could be secured.

Music on Radio 3

From Mr. Antony Hopkins
Sir, Since Barry Fantoni singled me out by name (even if wrongly spelt) in his diatribe against Radio 3 (article, January 21), may I be given the right to reply? I have time here I have been instructed not to have I felt: it is my duty to ensure that there are no backsliders on the cultural voyage. When I talk about music I do so because I believe that in an age of technical miracles of radio and gramophone have made it so easily available there is an increasing danger that people just hear it rather than listening to it.

My purpose is to try to show that there must be more than just the sound it makes. If in the process I make a few converts, well and good. To receive a letter from an 84-year-old woman who at 80 loathed "modern" music but who, in the space of four years had come to look on Bartok as one of her favourite composers seems to me to justify my programme.

Behaving like animals

From Mr. Alan Long
Sir, Mr. Stuart-Smith (January 21) displays a little of the arrogance of the world's most remorseless predator, for that is the dubious distinction of our own species. Farm animals, especially in transit, in markets, and on the "joy-ride" to the slaughterhouse, are crammed together in cattle-truck conditions and unable to establish social groups; understandably, they may even need to be drugged with tranquillizers. Vices, such as cannibalism, will develop in livestock kept in the whorl conditions of modern farming, which must induce much more than Mr. Stuart-Smith's

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Human communities under the stress of massing and mobbing show signs of similar trends to viciousness. Maternity units in some of our hospitals, offering little opportunity for the mothers to nurse their babies, remind me all too sharply of battery units. Our human world is running short of tender, loving care. How small we become in making the cow's care for her calf, even under the stress we inflict on her!

OT THE TIME FOR ANOTHER UPHEAVAL

tol, now effectively a mere district in the county of Avon, for hundreds of years one of the most august municipalities in the kingdom, with a and independence second to that of London. Such an throw is not forgotten or even quickly—it certainly not been in the short four since Bristol and many large cities were stripped of their powers. So when Peter Shore speaks there to the Labour local government conference he could hardly for a more appropriate word if he were to announce some of its lost glory was restored. To judge from one of statements he made year, he would be glad to

There is a growing outcry from the larger that were swallowed up in the reorganization, a Tory ion, has never found much in Labour ranks. But it not seem that Mr. Shore managed to persuade his ighes in Cabinet that it is time for major changes. a who were involved in the reorganization would regard respect of a new one with less than dread. Local ment is only just begin- to recover from that val. Much of the chaos to have been less the of the admitted flaws in plan than an inevitable ipment to radical alter- in a structure so large and lex. Before the new system settle down, fresh tumult over public spending tions. The reform has not ad an adequate chance to

show how it would work under ordinary conditions.

Another upheaval at this stage could only be justified if it promised unmistakable and widespread benefits. It cannot be said that the councils calling for the restoration of their powers have come anywhere near showing that such benefits would follow. When there were ten of them, all with historic names, it might have been tempting to feel that the upheaval might not be so very great after all. But there are 32 now. There is no threshold of size below which towns cease to resent the domination of counties over them, or to suppose that they could run things better themselves.

These old county boroughs, which were more or less self-sufficient in local matters, generally ran their affairs with efficiency and great civic pride (the sense of identity in a community is a factor that was taken too little into account in 1974). But they were too small to sustain some modern services and they were often at war with their neighbouring counties, which, lacking their resources of rateable value, tended to be relatively backwards in their standards of provision. This tension between town and country is something ingrained, and the new system contains it better than the old one, though less well than it might have done.

The aggrieved districts do not ask for all their powers back. Their main demands are for education and for social services. The ten largest have populations not very far from the level of 250,000 that the Redcliffe-Maud

report considered the minimum capable of providing those services efficiently. Since those days our sense of the advantages of scale has in any case become a little less acute. The case for moving education, where account must also be taken of the difficulty of the county in making adequate provision if it were to lose the city schools, is less strong than the case for moving social services. The latter gain in many ways from being organized in such a way that they are responsive to the needs of individuals and small communities. They also need to work in close contact with housing services, which are a district responsibility.

There is no ideal size for a council: it is either too big for some functions and too small for others. Even in social services some matters, like residential homes, need a wider catchment area even than most counties. For that matter, an authority with 200,000 inhabitants can run its affairs as coldly and remotely as one many times larger. Some sources of discontent, like the blurred responsibilities in planning affairs, are inherent in the two-tier system with which we are larded, for better or worse. Mr. Shore speaks reassuringly of having nothing more drastic in mind than "organic change", but change on the scale that is being discussed may well be more than the organic can stand. In most of the fields that have been mentioned, the answer is more likely to lie in administrative delegation and co-operation between councils than in basic structural reform.

Judiciary and race

Mr. T. C. Blagg
Norman St. John-Stevens, writing in today's issue (January 26), deplores "the unbalanced advice statement" issued by the central church body and common law judges. It was a statement that a partisan and "people may well wonder whether those who can write terms are really best suited to peace, harmony and justice between the races". Quite so.

In your same issue you report that the Cambridge Community Relations Council, a limb of a statutory body I believe, have issued a statement on some remarks made by Judge Wild at Cambridge Crown Court. "It seems we have our own ties," Judge McKinnon and this will lead to the Cambridge Community Relations Council watching the proceedings at Judge Wild's court with a view to building up a dossier of remarks which show prejudice designed to incite ethnic groups. One does not expect partisan vulgar abuse, from what is supposed to

be an impartial and eirenic body. Little wonder that the satirists refer to the race relations industry. It is the language of the industrial shop steward, with more than a hint that Big Brother is watching us and the Thought Police of 1984 are burning their rubber truncheons in 1978. Yours faithfully,
T. C. BLAGG,
Brunnell Hall,
Car Colston,
Nottinghamshire,
January 25.

PERSONAL INVESTMENT AND FINANCE

We pay a lot of tax in Britain; no more in total perhaps than in many other Western countries, but at a high rate on the margin (ie, the last slice of income upon which the individual's top rate of tax is levied). So the very least we deserve is a simple system which we can all understand, and that is precisely what we do not have at present.

Our tax structure has been subject to piecemeal development over the years; it has been manipulated as a process of social engineering and become hopelessly intertwined with the worst aspects of the social security system. Add inflation to the mixture and the result is a mess.

The Meade Report, *The Structure and Reform of Direct Taxation*, for the Institute of Fiscal Studies, which was published earlier in the week, is the work of both theoreticians—academic economists—and the tax lawyers and accountants who provide the complementary practical expertise in taxation matters.

As everyone must have heard by now, the report's fundamental conclusion is that we should switch from a tax regime based on income to one based on expenditure. If at first that sounds obscure, fear not: it is its novelty, not its inherent obfuscation.

The essential feature about a tax on expenditure rather than on income is that it would shift the weight of taxation from those who earn and save to those who, to quote the report, "spend lavishly" out of capital gains—at present subject only to the flat 30 per cent gains tax rate at the moment—or live off capital, which attracts, as yet anyway, no tax in our system.

Margaret Stone looks at proposals for a radical change in the tax system

A welcome draught of Meade...

Two methods of operating an expenditure tax are discussed in the report. Assuming an overnight switch to a fully-fledged expenditure tax on all, one method would be to take the individual's income, plus certain other receipts such as the sale of some assets, including a house, and deducting from that total heretofore payments, such as for example the purchase of securities or mortgage interest.

The balance, "consumption", would then be subject to the expenditure tax which would be on a rising scale. Without some form of self-assessment, as the report acknowledges, it is not very practicable.

The alternative, of subjecting only existing high rate taxpayers to an expenditure-surplus plus a central basic tax on consumption of goods and services to replace income tax (subject to some form of initial write-off), would also ease the problems of transition from one tax system to another.

This is an important point with which the Meade Report agrees. It "stresses the need to avoid a once-for-all gigantic upheaval of the whole existing tax structure".

The tax system, although in need of reform, is more urgently in need of respite from change. What Meade would like is to have an expenditure tax defined as a long-term objective towards which step-by-step changes taken to remove anomalies will always be aiming.

The two other recommendations of the Meade Report are integral to the central theme of a switch from an income to an expenditure tax. These are the adoption of the "new Beveridge" scheme, which by increasing tax thresholds, improving national insurance benefits and moving to cash benefits rather than tax allowances should eliminate the notorious "poverty trap".

At the other end of the scale, there is the problem (?) of the accumulated wealth which more of us would be able to achieve under an expenditure

tax system. The Meade Report supports a wealth tax, but agrees that there is a certain element of fantasy about levying savings roll up tax free, and then subjecting them to such a tax.

However, it believes that a balance between the conflicting objectives has to be struck. The answer, it suggests, is to pitch the wealth tax threshold at a fairly high level.

In looking at, and indeed welcoming, the conclusions of the Meade Report, it is easy to overlook the rationale for the recommended switch. One important reason is the distortion built into the present income tax system by the anomalous treatment of different forms of saving.

Not only is the return that the saver receives on his money—*vis-à-vis* the actual return received on those savings by the investment manager—affected by the different tax rates, but it is also affected by, among other things, the choice of investment medium, and the different tax rules they work under.

Most notably Meade is talking about building societies, where the interest is tax paid for the basic rate investor; life assurance funds, which attract tax relief; and pension funds to which contributions are tax free; and certain forms of National Savings which are also tax free.

If an expenditure tax is adopted, then the direct corollary is that all forms of savings will be free of tax. So where will that leave the savings institutions? For some, living on investment performance merit rather than tax efficiency may not be as easy as it sounds.

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Taxation

Working in order to eat—or the reverse?

The tax case examined this week is a little older than the previous two I have discussed but is an important one for many self-employed people.

It is often necessary, because of the demands of work, for a self-employed person to throw expense to the wind and eat out rather than more cheaply at home. Mr Quinn did just that and claimed that the difference between the cost of dining out and eating at home was tax deductible (*Callis v Quinn* (1975)).

Mr Quinn was a self-employed carpenter carrying on business from his home in Wellington. He worked as a sub-contractor on various sites within a 40-mile radius of his home and travelled to work and back home again each day. However, the building sites were too far from home to enable him to return for lunch when working. He bought his lunch at a public house or cafe.

His claim was a modest one. He spent an average of 40p on his lunches, whereas the average cost of eating at home was only 20p—so he claimed a deduction under section 130 Taxes Act 1970 for the difference of 20p as an expense wholly and exclusively incurred for business purposes. He also claimed the cost of refreshments taken at mid-morning and mid-afternoon on working days.

The general commissioners decided that the additional cost of lunches was allowable but not the tea break expenditure. It rarely happens that both parties—the taxpayer and the Inland Revenue—are dissatisfied with the commissioners' decision but it was so in this case and an appeal was made to the High Court.

Some judgments are particularly readable because of the interesting analogies which give a clear insight to the pronouncer's reasoning. Take Mr Justice Templeman in this case. "A Schedule D taxpayer, like every other taxpayer, must eat to live; he does not eat in order to work. Counsel for the Crown submits—and I accept—that in these circumstances no



"And, pray sir, which portion is to go on the expense account—the baked beans or the chip butty?"

part of the cost of the taxpayer's lunch was 'exclusively' expended for the purpose of his trade as a carpenter.

"The cost of tea consumed by an actor at the *Mad Hatter's Tea Party* is different, for in that case the quenching of thirst is incidental to the playing of the part. The cost of protecting clothing worn in the course of carrying on a trade will be deductible, because warmth and decency are incidental to the protection necessary to the carrying on of the trade. Since there is no such connection between eating and carpentry."

The judge then referred to the difficulty of apportionment under the taxing Act where expenditure has both a personal and a business implication ("duality of purpose"). It is not without significance that in the present case the taxpayer does not claim the whole cost of his lunch as an allowable expense, but only part of the cost. This attempt to apportion discloses the duality of purpose that is fatal under section 130.

It is not possible to divide up a meal or the expense of a meal, so that the first sandwiches or the first 10p are attributable to the taxpayer and the residue to his business. Nor do I accept the logic of the suggested method of apportionment. No one has a divine right to work and eat at home, or to eat at his place of business, or to measure the cost of his appetite by the cheapest method which would have been available to him if he had chosen to conduct his business in some fashion other than that which he in fact chooses.

So Mr Quinn lost his deduction for both lunches and light refreshments. However, let me hasten to assure readers that such a narrow view is not necessarily taken by the Inland Revenue where extensive travelling is necessary in the course of one's work. This is particularly so where overnight stays away from home are unavoidable. Whether or not the excess cost of eating away from

home is tax deductible will depend upon the circumstances. In conclusion it is interesting to contrast the rule for the self-employed with that for an employee. In this latter case the Inland Revenue's attitude towards subsistence has been officially stated as follows.

"Strictly only the extra cost of living away from home qualifies as a deduction from the employee's remuneration for tax purposes. If, however, there are continuing financial commitments at home the whole cost of living away from home is not disallowed."

"This concession is not, however, made if the employee has no permanent residence—for example, a bachelor who normally lives in a hotel or club and who gives up his accommodation when he is away on a business trip. Further, the cost of subsistence is not allowed as a deduction under the expenses rule if it is unconnected with travel away from the employee's main place of work."

Vera Di Palma

Savings

What young savers think about the banks

Building societies, banks and the insurance companies will all, no doubt, be delighted to hear that more than 80 per cent of under-35s save—and that most of them would like to save more.

But several of the savings institutions, notably the clearing banks, need to brush up their image and practice if they are to hold the loyalty of the younger saver.

This is the verdict of an investigation into the savings habits of the 18-35 age group conducted by the Staffordshire-based Research Associates. "How Young People Choose Where to Save" is based on group discussions among 65 young people and a national survey among 1,000 respondents.

Building societies and banks are regarded as by far the most important ways of saving, but this does not mean that young people like them both equally—they don't. Research Associ-

ates found that while building societies have an "excellent" image, because they meet all the requirements and provide a vital allied service of saving and borrowing, that of the banks was "much less good".

Clearing banks, who are already distinctly worried about the growing dominance of building societies in their traditional markets, should read that young people think about them; it ought to make them even more worried.

In the group discussions Research Associates found that, although banks provide a necessary money handling service, they are criticised for poor deposit interest, authoritative attitudes, impersonal service, Saturday closing, counter delays and a lack of positive advice to savers.

These are damning criticisms and certainly the banks will argue that some of the remarks are prejudiced. Building

society counter queues these days, particularly on Saturday morning, are getting nearly as long and slow-moving as those at bank counters. With which other advisers, too, are the clearing banks being compared when they are accused of not giving positive advice?

But should they not also be doing something to counter the apparent impression that banks are a necessary evil?

However, the clearing banks are not alone in being attacked by the young. "The Giro system is not understood, and there is very little interest in it," say Research Associates.

The National Savings Bank is regarded as useful for small savings, children and pensioners but, because it is widely considered that it pays low interest, it is not thought of for "serious savings".

This gap in the Government's banking services, now that the Trustee Savings Banks—fairly highly regarded in the survey

and whose level of business it is predicted by Research Associates will expand—have gone independent is appreciated by the present Government. Proposals are being considered, at a snail's pace, to merge the National Savings Bank (the Post Office bank of old) with Giro into a new state bank. The survey seems to support the view that there could be a need for this.

Insurance companies fare a little better, but not much. Young people believe in the principle of assurance but consider that the companies have a "low profile". People are uncertain how and where to deal with them and they are suspicious of salesmen.

But there is some good news for all the savings media. The survey shows that people expect to save the same overall in 1978 as they did last year.

MS

Round-up

The TSBs play a credit card

The Trustee Savings Banks this week announced an important new step in the expansion of their services. They are to join the Visa International credit card group—Barclaycard is the biggest United Kingdom member—from the beginning of November.

The new facility will be promoted through TSB branches and by letter. The name "Trustcard" will be the same colours and basic design of the Barclaycard, it is designed for

use in exactly the same way, at the same 100,000 retail outlets in the United Kingdom accepted.

It will bear the same interest rate too—13 per cent a month. The TSBs have been particularly anxious to expand credit services to customers and last month began offering personal loans. Since the Trustee Savings Banks Act of 1976, granting independence from National Savings, the TSBs have been

having talks with the United Kingdom's two major credit card groups. Access and Barclaycard.

Barclaycard accounts for just over half the 7.4 million credit cards in the United Kingdom. It will undertake all the processing functions as agents of the new Trustcard operation.

The latest Money Management handbook, *Self Employed Pensions*, provides as indeed do

all the MM publications—an excellent guide to a complex and confusing subject. In the run-up to the introduction of the new state earnings related scheme next April employees learn a lot about the matter, but if you are one of the country's two million self-employed this handbook—a little pricey, it must be admitted, at £5.50—will help you choose from the 90 policies examined on that might most suit your circumstances.

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Change of tune



Mr Roy Cox, chief general manager of the Building Society, interest rate paid to investors is maintained at 6.7 per cent.

Roy Cox, the chief general manager of the Building Society, has changed his tune since last October. On Thursday he decided to join the rebels by refusing to drop the rate paid to investors from 6.7 to 6 per cent in line with Building Societies Association policy.

He defends his action by saying: "We owe something to our investors." But last October, when three other societies refused to cut their investment rate, Cox was critical. He felt then that surpluses should be held in reserve as a cushion for when the mortgage next had to rise.

Reminded of his about-turn Cox was rather rueful and said: "Frankly I thought the next change would be upwards." He added: "I did indicate that it (a very healthy surplus) was an element we would use some time; we've decided to use it this time."

While Wall Street is still at a low ebb and the pound flies high, there can surely be no time like the present for buying into the United States stock market if you believe that sooner or later, share prices there will recover.

Some 70 per cent of the new Universal unit trust fund launched this week by National Westminster is earmarked for investment in Wall Street.

"It is one thing to have statutory law; it is quite another to interpret it," says our tax contributor Vera Di Palma in the opening chapter of her book *Your Fringe Benefits* published this week. The new book is a comprehensive and helpful guide to one of the trickier aspects of personal taxation. "David & Charles, £3.95.

M&G RECOVERY FUND FROM £10 A MONTH

Widely acclaimed by financial journalists and investment advisers, M&G's Recovery Fund, designed to produce capital growth, ended 1977 as Britain's best-performing unit trust. It also leads over the two year and six year periods. It has a policy of buying the shares of companies that have fallen upon hard times. Many of these companies recover, and through a process of careful selection M&G has been able to bring high rewards over the years to Recovery Fund investors.

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which gives you a positive arithmetical advantage, because your regular investment buys more units when the price is low and fewer when it is high. You also get life cover of at least 180 times your monthly payment throughout the period if your age at entry is 54 or under (women 58), and rather less up to 75.

If you cash in or stop your payments during the first four years there is a penalty, and the tax authorities require us to make a deduction, so you should not consider the Plan for less than five years. 81% to 94% (depending on your starting age) is invested except in the first two years when an additional 20 per cent is retained to meet setting expenses. After two years, therefore, the amount invested will, in most cases, represent more than 100% of the net amount you pay after tax relief is taken into account.

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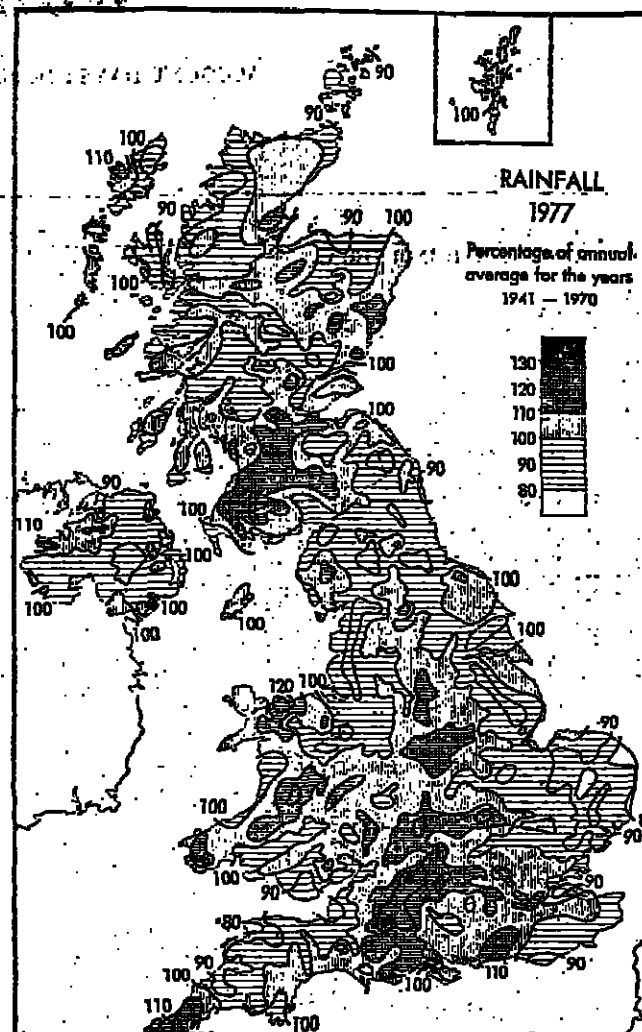
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[illegible]

Rainfall shows that England and Wales had a typical year for weather

[illegible]

RAINFALL
1977

General values of rainfall: are given in the following table:

	1877	1941-70	Diff.	%
	mm	mm	mm	from av. of
England	948	837	+11	101
Wales	1141	1058	+83	102
Eng. & Wales	1025	912	+113	101
Scotland	1457	1491	-34	98
N. Ireland	922	1093	-171	102

Monthly rainfall is shown in the table below in millimetres and as a percentage of average for the month.

January was unseasonal and often snowy until its last few days. A cold spell occurred between the 9th and 12th, but on the 12th a heavy rain and most widespread snowfall of the year, at least over England, was experienced on the 12th to 13th. Flooding then followed heavy rain on the 25th.

February, too, was thoroughly unseasonal throughout, with prolonged and heavy rainfall at times. Flooding was common, and the rainfall was particularly evident on the 9th, one of the wettest days of the year over the United Kingdom, and a very heavy day over an area extending from England and Wales to the extreme north of Scotland for almost a week. Heavy rain was experienced in south-west England on the 14th and 15th. There widespread thunderstorms occurred on the 15th and 16th, and further isolated but heavy thunderstorms in western England and Wales on the 25th. The main rain period of the month may be persisted everywhere in United Kingdom, except Shetland, for the first three days of February.

June 4th to 6th was rainy but with a cold spell on the 5th and 6th over country (although the 6th was very wet day in southern Scotland and northern England). Weather from the 9th was dominated by a cold front moving from the north or the Channel and the period to the 13th (14th in the Midlands) was marked by extraordinary weather. A heavy thunderstorm over southern Britain. The wet days were the 10th and 13th. The period from the 14th to 23rd was a cold spell, but the weather of Scotland was practically less for 10 to 12 days. Some

precipitation, including snow, on the 22nd to 24th, when a frost became almost stationary over the English Midlands. Generally mild weather continued until the cold spell on the 11th to 13th, when widespread snow fell on higher ground. It was the wettest, highest ground.

The first general dry spell of the year commenced on March 22 to 24th, but rain fell on much of England; and for a few days longer in eastern England; weather in Scotland was more unsettled. The period from March 25 to 27th was generally wet, with a sharp transition from mild to colder weather on the 19th. Thunderstorms occurred in southern Britain on the 20th. Some snow, mainly light, was reported on the 26th to 29th, but on the 30th was the heaviest of the season of the year over Scotland.

On the 1st, the weather was calm, fell in the last week but none was not generally great except in the north, where it was accompanied by thunderstorms with large hail, tended in a band from east to west through the Midlands to the W. and again on the 30th.

The period from mid-July to August 23rd was the driest and settled period of the year in England and Wales; in all, 50mm fell over the two counties about a third of the average for the year. The weather was generally wet from July 15th to 24th, again from August 2nd to 4th, and the subsequent dry period extended up to August 23rd over eastern Scotland.

Isolated thunderstorms occurred in the south on July 8th, 11th and 12th. On the 8th, 20mm was recorded in 15 minutes at Penryn.

The first two days of April were also rather wet over Scotland and the north of England, but the weather was cold and snowy generally over Great Britain, although without much snow in the south. On the 13th to 18th was mainly dry as far north as the Central Lowlands but with some rain in the south, and, with widespread thunderstorms on the 29th and 30th, the weather became much warmer and has persisted for many months continued in the first half of May. Rainfall was often heavy. An anticyclone was over the British Isles on the 14th, and little or no rain fell

where hurricanes were noted, and the weather was generally calm and clear during the period at Weymouth, but the fortnight was rainless at places in Britain. The 17th was mainly clear, but on the 18th a cold front was passing, and the fortnight was unsettled, with heavy rain in northern Scotland, and with rain and snow showers and rainfall amounts in general were not large.

The first few days of April were dry and calm over England, Wales but weather over Scotland and Northern Ireland was mainly unsettled, with rain in those countries and in China

	MONTHLY RAINFALL					
	England and Wales		Scotland		N Ireland	
	mm	%	mm	%	mm	%
January	101	117	127	93	104	104
February	138	212	137	113	82	82
March	73	124	129	143	74	74
April	51	86	116	129	74	74
May	55	78	74	81	58	58
June	85	138	78	85	53	53
July	74	133	68	66	49	49
August	102	113	110	25	98	98
September	86	43	148	107	69	69
October	84	27	119	105	105	105
November	104	107	207	145	87	87
December	95	105	80	31	117	117

Urban shanty town on Wawa

Early Roman shanty town on Watling Street

By Philip Howard

This is no weather for digging, except for moles. However, thigh-deep in liquid mud and happy as mudflats, archaeologists of the Department of the Environment are busy exploring the suburbs of Masefield, the unexcavated remains of a Roman Villa Street dating from the early days of the Roman occupation.

When the rescue excavation of Watling Street is diverted through the site to the centre of Milton Keynes later this year, the archaeologists will have expressed concern that the diversion of the A5 within fifty yards of the scheduled ancient monument of the Roman archway may destroy important remains. But the excavations, which are clearly visible as a pronounced mound.

Archaeologists have suggested that the foundations of large structures, even a previously unknown fort of the Fourth century, outside the town perimeter in the past the road

Biology: Sm

Some new research findings on mice may be able to explain why women are more likely to develop the menopause sooner than non-smokers. Women in their late twenties are, indeed, much more likely to have stopped menstruating than non-smokers, and the study found that smokers have a lower average cigarette consumption.

The research, carried out at the United States National Cancer Institute, showed that the ovaries of rats and mice are extremely sensitive to the carcinogenic hydrocarbons found in tobacco smoke (and in the smoke of pollution from most industrial cities). These hydrocarbons, such as benzo (a) pyrene, are carried to the ovaries in the bloodstream, where they

The thorough and brilliant excavation in foul conditions by Mr David Neal and Dr Geoffrey Wainwright, head of the Department of Archaeology at Leicester University, has revealed a considerable early Roman settlement on a subsistence wage of £20 a week. It will take about another two months to finish, but so far it has found evidence of considerable early Roman settlement on the outskirts of Magiovinium.

But it is humble, working-class type of settlement - a shanty town rather than a lost legionary fortress. It is nevertheless interesting and instructive, as is everything that helps fill out these blank pages of our history.

The site looks like the Somme in 1916, with mountains of mud and networks of trenches full of water. The water is still there, covering ribbon development of the first century along Watling Street, significantly as far as half a mile west of Magiovinium.

There is a puzzle here, because

Science report

Smoking and the ovaries

by enzymes in the ovarian stroma. The effect on the ovaries is caused by the death of the cells that mature into ova at the midpoint of each menstrual cycle.

Furthermore, the same highly reactive forms of polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons are also capable of causing cancerous changes in the ovaries.

The American research team explain that their findings explain earlier observations on smoking and menopause: the early onset of menopause is caused by destruction of oocytes by the smoke constituents. The smoke effect may also provide a clue to the cause of the cancer which is responsible for 4,000 deaths a year

the drainage gullies marking the original plots 20 metres wide and aligned diagonally with Watling Street. Their alignment may be due to the fact that the south older than Watling Street, and on a different orientation.

Closer to the town there are cemeteries and several industrial factories and ovens, two large for being bread. They were probably used by blacksmiths and workers with the poor local ironstone whose slag is being found on a series of metallised paths. There is also a large cobbled floor of the first century.

To the north of the town does the fences the crutches have formed a sharply cambered road, presumably leading to a dyer's (near Welbourn) or a farmer's march on the north side. On either side of that road there is the characteristic black soil that indicates ribbon development. There is also a wide ditch five metres across, which is curious, but it is probably

menopause

other kind of gynaecological cancer.

The death rate has risen steadily this century in most Western countries, and there is evidence linking ovarian cancer with work in the rubber, electrical and textile industries. If the American hypothesis is correct, the rise in the incidence of ovarian cancer could be due (in part at least) to damage caused by women having been exposed to a smoke-filled atmosphere from the use of vacuum cleaners or from industrial pollution.

By Our Medical Correspondent.
Source: *Lancet*, January 28 (1977).

ably only a drainage ditch in a muddy land.

The site has so far yielded a few boxes of pottery and bones of large quantity, suggesting the source of it may have come from rubbish dumps outside the town and about eighty cists been found. A few stone foundations of large structures have been found but no brochures or other military remains. Almost the only military material is sling-stones.

The evidence so far is that there were considerable exiles from the west and north from the first century onwards. But they were poor, mainly agricultural settlements, and the Romans with no large or elaborate buildings: not the Fourteenth Legion. Apart from the negative evidence they have left, the Romans behind the Roman strategical could have found near-by a better place for a fort than at the bottom of a morass.

Latest wills

Mr Ernest Philip Dumbleby, Cuxton Farm; Humberdale, £1,577,390 net. He left £10,000 to the Leukemia Research Fund, £10,000 to the William Keble Redbridge, London, £1,338,400 net. He left all of his personal property between the Redbridge branch of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, the Cheshire Home, Leicester for the Cancer Research and British Heart Foundation.

Mr Leonard Rodney Dawson, Tezney, Humberdale, £1,883,551 net.

Other estates include (net, before tax and tax discount) Mr David R. L. Leutenants Colonel Burnett, Dr. Leutenants Colonel Esdaile, £400,000 of Marlborough, Wiltshire, £214,000. Christmas, Mr Charles Grey Drummond, £112,250. Wiltshire, Mr Joseph William Elmes, £100,000. Marlborough, £100,000.

Science report

Biology: Smoking and the menopause

Latest wills
Mr Ernest Philip Dimbleby
Ouston Ferry, Humberston,
£77,390 net. He left £10,000.

Some new research findings: on mice may be able to explain why some women who smoke have had the menopause sooner than non-smokers. Women in their late 40s are, indeed, much more likely to have stopped menstruating if they smoke more than twenty cigarettes a day.

The research, carried out at the United States National Cancer Institute, showed that the ovaries of rats and mice are extremely sensitive to some of the polycyclic hydrocarbons found in tobacco smoke (and in the smoke polluting most industrial cities). These chemicals, the Institute (a) say, are carried to the ovaries by the bloodstream.

form by enzymes in the ovarian cells. The effect on the ovaries is similar to that on the oocytes in the cells that mature into ova at the midpoint of each menstrual cycle. Furthermore, the same highly reactive forms of polycyclic hydrocarbons are also capable of causing cancerous changes in the ovaries.

The American research team found that their findings explain earlier observations of smoking and the menopause: the early menopause is caused by destruction of oocytes by the smoke constituents. The smoke effect may also provide a clue to the cause of the cancerous changes responsible for 4,000 deaths a year.

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The death rate has risen steadily in the centers in most Western countries, and there is evidence linking ovarian cancer with work in the rubber, electrical and textile industries. If the American hypothesis is correct, the rise in the incidence of ovarian cancer could be due to (in part at least) to the pollution caused by women having been exposed to a smoke-filled atmosphere, either from their own clearances or from industrial pollution.

By Our Medical Correspondent,
Source: *Lancet*, January 28, 1977.

the Chancery Lane Research Fund. He married William Seller, 10, Redbridge, London, E15, in 1948. He left all of his property equally between the Redbridge branch of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, the Cheshire Homes, National Society for Cancer Research and British Heart Foundation. Mr Leonard Rodney Dawson, 10, Terney, Humberstone, Leicestershire, has a net worth of £1,383,551 net. Other estates include (net, before tax paid; tax not disclosed): Burkitt Orr, Lieutenant-Colonel, Eschale Addison, of Marlborough, Buckinghamshire . . . £124,000; Christmas, Mr Charles Grey Duns, of 10, South Street, Epsom, Surrey . . . £2,900; Woodley, Mr Joseph William Ellsmere, Selwyn Farmer and Co.,

ON PA

All you're likely to need to know

The word "encyclopedia" is rarely used nowadays and not merely because many find it difficult to spell, even since the diphthong was dropped, but because so many of the selling methods for such publications were suspect. Reader's Digest, which sells through traditional booksellers and by respectable direct mail, realized that the vanishing encyclopedia left a gap in the home but not such a big gap as all those many fat volumes had left. For, when Reader's Digest approached the task they decided to do some research and discovered that most people who had bought the many volumes actually glanced at or absorbed less than 10 per cent of the data they contained.

Furthermore, the research brought out what most people want to know or to look up and that the majority wanted to be able to refer to their information under a subject heading rather than an alphabetical heading.

So *The Library of Modern Knowledge* was conceived, compiled and finally published last Monday. I have spent a lot of time that should have been dedicated to other things going through the three volumes and I find I agree with the categorization under subject headings. I mean, it makes sense that, when you start looking at a subject, you find yourself reading on or back and absorbing interlinking information which makes the original foray into the volume twice or three times as interest-

ing. An encyclopedia is not, after all, a teaching book. It is a book of reference, a book which should give you enough information to satisfy your immediate query but which either stimulates you to learn more or tells you that you do not know what you do not know.

However, this popular concept departs from the purist's definition of the word, hence also the different title of the Reader's Digest book which describes the contents admirably. It has been produced entirely in Britain although overseas companies are already ordering it. The British market is expected to account for at least three quarters of the initial print order and will be served promptly, so cease worrying.

The fact that you do get only three volumes manoeuvrable and not too heavy for the young seeker after knowledge to lift, is very much a plus in my book. After all, it adds up to something like a score of novels or other books, for which you would pay at least £80, so this *Library of Modern Knowledge* is super value at £29.95. The price was too incredible and I thought that they must literally have sweated the authors, starved them and whipped them into work. But the authors I met were on good and happy terms with their taskmasters, looked well fed and were undoubtedly satisfied with the deference to their toil and academic qualifications. It turned out that the price is low because other English-speaking countries in the

Reader's Digest international network have come in and sell, thus enabling order of some 300,000 which will help to do investment to far of \$ by the British company has spent nearly to getting the thing to 108 technical experts, 70 editors, designers, researchers and other nothing of the te checked the facts.

The three volumes are all but essential items of which I approve, editing and layout are fully done, giving the great clarity and yet miserly use of space, going into all the tech and the backroom work commend it as having brilliantly and efficient

Volume I is concerned with *The World of Nature*, Volume 2 with *The World of Man* and Volume 3 with *The World of the Future*. Normally my world has been for humans but I found absorbed with the about which I know little, like computers at the sky and earth's it. I found I was actually it. It should be at a seller now and it is at Reader's Digest's or shop in the north-east, London's Berkeley St. you are stymied, and one can be in the box world game, order your Reader's Digest, 7-10 Old London EC9 9AA. Oh! thing to give the who, as being useful for schoolwork and just gr

Full marks for the St John SOS Talisman "loket" that holds all the information about the wearer's blood group, allergies and other medical history in case of accident or similar emergency. A pity they could not have had a more attractive or simpler, unisex design but you cannot have everything. The idea is right and so, for what they offer, are the prices—£6.95 for the chromium-plated pendant; £9.95 for a gold-plated version; £7.95 for a man's or a lady's chromium-plated bracelet with

chain bracelet that will stand up to hard wear in both cases. The prices include postage etc and they will accept Access Barclaycard at the office. St John SOS Talisman, PO Box 999, Kettering, Northants. Leaflets are available and please do not forget to get them for the children. After all, they need it as much as you. While applauding the scheme, thoroughly, let me remind readers of *MedicAlert*, of which I wrote last April. *MedicAlert* is a non-profit-making charity foundation which also sells

"non-jewelry" bracelet necklaces bearing flat plates with brief notes reverse like "diabetic allergic to penicillin" forth. However, the who has all of his or her fully filed at *MedicAlert* quarters which is known contacted by most hospital doctors—the telephone is on the identity tag doubly sure. Life insurance is £4.86 including the bracelet or necklace. From 9 Hanover Street W1R 9HF.



The lady in the shawl bought it at the Russian Shop, 278 High Holborn, London WC1V 7EP.

She was right since she is extremely pleased with it. I bought one three years ago and must criticize them only by telling them that their shawls last too long because mine has had plenty of wear by day and night, to say nothing of being borrowed by many a guest, daughter, grand-daughter et alia. It still looks good.

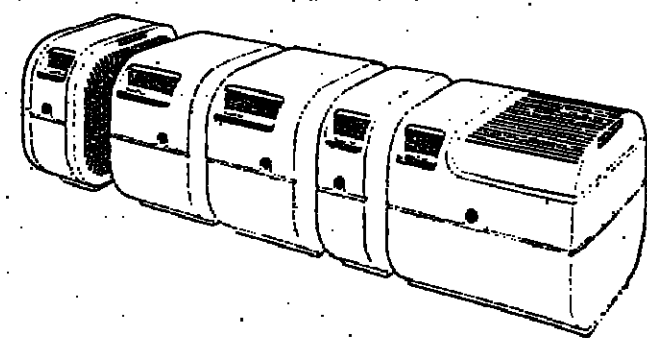
My shawl was, as I recall, around £7 which gives some idea of how long I have had it. The price now is £18.90 for the cream background, but the shawl is bigger, of better quality and of rather more universally accepted patterns. They are all floral and fringed on black or cream backgrounds and the colours vary, although they are all 150 cms square (roughly 60 inches, that is). The black version is a little more at £22.80 and is, I think worth it.

The colours are best described as European—hardly pastel but rather brilliant. I wear mine most often to parties, formal or otherwise, and it is always admired. The best thing about these shawls is that being of fine, pure worsted wool, they do not slip and they are warm to cuddle around oneself in the car. They are much less bother than coats or capes, and you can avoid the cloakroom queue by leaving the fine, lightweight shawl over your arm or chair.

There are also woollen kerchiefs for the shoulders, hair or head-covering and these also do not slip. About 36 inches square, they cost from £5.29 to £8.85 with or without the fringe (plus 25p postage). Similar colourings but with a floral print on black or cream grounds, or a paisley print on a blue ground. Generous in size, they can be draped into various types of turban.

Toys, little animals, dominoes that look very folksy because they still happen to be in wood, a zither for the musical young which is a nice change from guitars and skateboards, and an adorable little take apart house of wooden pieces which can be made up into 20 different styles of wooden house by young fingers because the pieces interlock—all these are among many items that will take your fancy if you plan to shop for birthdays, Easter, next Christmas or just for your own pleasure. For no reason other than I fancy it. I am tempted by a spinning wheel, a practical working model.

Then, because my daughter has decided to start a new family and is due to have a son in March, I was drawn to the sewing eggs and dolls. Of course it is a month or two before he can pull things apart to see what is inside but I find myself already shopping for the yet unborn newcomer. He even got a Christmas stocking of his own from the family—what will happen after he arrives? It has been too good to know his sex—my daughter went through all the tests because these days they think you are a geriatric if you try giving birth at 37; but it was a good thing since the entire family had decided on a girl and this does give no time to get used to the idea. Besides, he did run the risk of coming into this world to lie in a bedroom bedecked by Laura Ashley fabrics on walls and windows and he will presumably now be a little less florally bowed. His rather mature teenage sister thinks she will be the world's most enthusiastic babysitter. I wonder—she is in a lot now while working for O-levels but after next June? I suspect my daughter and her husband will be the ideal babysitters but they seem to be over the moon about the prospect. I am just curious, after being so used to teenage grandchildren. But what a digression so please do not let it distract you from the Russian Shop.



£15.66 and, let me stress it again, you do not have to buy every component. Thus, with the basic fan and this cleaner-heater you have a unit totalling £48.94 which gives you clean warm air.

The humidifier unit is £34.88 and, once more, can be used alone with the basic fan unit or with both it and the cleaner-heater. The humidifier has a goodly tank, washable filter to trap anything you do not wish

to breathe, a black grille top to emit the moistened air, and it, too, comes apart so simply for cleaning or washing up by hand or machine that you will marvel when you see it. The Ventronic air conditioner is £55.88 and it is a highly sophisticated one with a split-unit system with cooler, refrigerator, compressor and all that you need for cool, clean air. It is really silent in operation so you are not adding noise to

noise as you add unit to unit. And then we have the air purifier at £100. Six modules of which you can use any permutation from one to six according to your needs.

Thus you can spend £32 or £908. Originally for the industrial, commercial and institutional market, Ventronic is rapidly being bought for domestic use. It is such a compact unit, even when all six modules are fastened together, and so versatile because each can be separately switched, detached, left together or what you will. Lifting off any one hood cuts out energy right through all units and the whole thing works off the ordinary electric plug. It takes up little space and creates little noise, not the kind of noise that could be heard in a room sufficiently full of people for the purifying or whatever to be necessary.

Made by a Swiss company that has been specializing in air

treatments for some time, the Ventronic is a relative newcomer to Britain and certainly a newcomer to the domestic scene. It is being marketed nationally through Ventronic UK, 303 Mile End Road, Colchester CO4 5EA, Essex (Colchester 63544). However, until demonstrations and deliveries to retailers are widespread, one of the first retailers has bought a pretty big stock and is supplying some of his colleagues as a kind of wholesaler—nice to see them working together in the customers' interests rather than against each other. That one retailer is a man of whom I am a staunch champion from way back, one Walter Pipe, who runs the Dishwasher Centre, 37 Pembroke Road, Notting Hill Gate, London W11 3HG (01-727 4894).

Some keen eyes may notice that his place is now called The Clean Air Centre (same address etc). And that is because so

many customers have been using clean air appliances he started stocking them, which I wrote about earlier, and the inexpensive Monitor. Asthma and hay sufferers, spread the word, add their numbers to who just like breathing anyway and homes all London and greater London beginning to be pure and Mrs Whitehouse, please.

Actually I owe Mr Pipe an apology—having called Kenneth in print soon after my own new dish after years of stout service, its predecessor, Walter found himself being called the wrong name so call that right? He will answer queries about Ventronic would recommend you to get in to see one of photographs really do not justice. Stockists are added all the time so do for one near you.

It was in Chiswick, opposite Arlington Park and easy parking, that I first discovered Herald, about which everybody who lives near one should know more. Herald is the curtain shop that makes up curtains free. No, there is no trick like higher prices for the fabrics, which are competitive with any other furnishing fabric shop anywhere. Nor are there any other hidden charges or commitments to further purchase by means of vouchers. Nothing like that at all. The ability to give this service lies in forethought and efficiency.

The old curtain fabrics shop was inefficient. Men or girls with some brute force had to be employed to haul heavy rolls around up and down from floor to high shelves and back again, and to the unnecessarily long measuring counters which wasted valuable space. Customers had to ask for every possible variation of their potential choice left with piles of bolts or rolls were rather unhelpful, so the shops were over-stuffed—if they could get staff at all as the heaving had become unpopular in recent years.

Then there was all the wastage. The customers and assistants together no often managed to work out the repeats of the patterns quite wrongly so that either the customer overbought the yardage or the shop was left with piles of patterned fabrics which look terrible anyway, to say nothing of the piling-up of costs. Extra storage space was essential if the shop tried to stock a goodly choice and that again was waste of display and potential selling space.

Herald set out to cure all the ills. No fabric at all is in stock in any of their shops but made up, good-size lengths made up as curtains so that you can see exactly how they will look when hung at your windows. The racks are designed so that customers can wander at will and staff are trained not to press their attentions unless wanted, although they are also taught to notice when a customer might need advice or help. The honey-beige and brown colour scheme is welcoming without interfering with the curtain materials and the girls look pleasant in their beige sweaters and brown skirts.

Every display length is duly numbered, coded and all so that buying and matching is simple—the customer gives the size and the girl refers to her printed tables. The order goes to the Tottenham factory where the making-up is done within the specified time—which is usually three weeks but, whatever it is, it is almost never longer, the firm works on the dying policy of promises kept. With everything worked out by experts, the whole thing is pretty foolproof and there is no waste of space, fabric, time or energy. Any fabric that out of stock is removed until the factory has a big stock piled up again. I noticed only one colourway of a familiar pattern and asked about the other colours, and was delighted to get the answer that it was unfair to show customers what they cannot get and that they would be kept hidden while the manufacturer was being nagged.

Shops were opened along motorways starting with the M4—branches now stretch to Bristol and Cardiff and are beginning to spread down to the South Coast and up the M1, the intention being to cater for most of Britain in time, but now serving mainly

the south apart from that M4 string. The object of such organized openings was to streamline distribution and it worked out just like that.

The result was not only shops with wide-open, welcoming entrances but with a tidy atmosphere, the raggedy Cinderella image all blown away, a specialist shop with all the advantages of old-fashioned smallness and modern methods—the best of them. The major bonus was that the management in the Combined English Stores group found they were saving costs to a far greater extent than even they had envisaged besides selling a much greater volume of fabric. So the customer won part of the massive saving in margins and gets the free making-up which in itself was a cost-saving operation. The making-up includes linings for those who want them and fabrics that need them and, further bonus, a free make-up service on matched bedspreads if you buy the required yardage.

Herald does also stock some of the accessories for those who want to make their own curtains in the face of all this largesse. Poles and rings, now back with the Victorian look, are there. So, too, are other soft furnishings like sheets and duvet covers and duvets. But let me tell you about the sheets before going on. Herald's people did not like the harshness of most polyester cottons, favouring the feel and finish of the softer American Percale or the Italian sheets. So they got their own-label bed linen made by Bassetts of Italy—the finish not being possible in this country, although Herald tries to buy British.

I like that, as I also like their attitude to duvets. Having found customers wanting the duck down more and more and the synthetics rather less, they are specialising in feather and down at £19.95 for single and £26.95 for double sizes, which is value in any language. But, and it is an important bit, the duvets are made with "walls" of fabric between the channels as distinct from the many duvets made by merely stitching one sheet of flat fabric to another. The fabric "walls" mean that each compartment can expand with warmth and movement to allow the down to swell and to stay soft, airy and warm. To say nothing of duvets being more durable when made like this.

There are gift lines too—the apron and matching casserole mitts are of very good design and reasonable at under £4. The Old Bleach tea-cosies have removable covers with pots depicted on them and, while the embroidered table mat sets are not to my taste, involving more time than I have, I was enchanted by the imported hand-embroidered pillow cases. If you have either the time or a less-than-murderous laundry.

I loved the return of seersucker and bought seersucker table-napkins at 49p each for a good size, in mainly green or mainly blue when I was there. I do not like, though sometimes resort to paper table napkins, and seersucker is that wonderful, fully-good-tempered easy-care material of my youth, the non-iron cotton—pure cotton at that—we welcomed when there were no other easy-care materials never cared at all if the children spilled on tables or jumped on beds because seersucker took it all in good heart. Better still, the stuff was not rationed during the early days of fabric rationing, for some reason I never fathomed but hardly queried because it meant I could curtain the whole of the house I

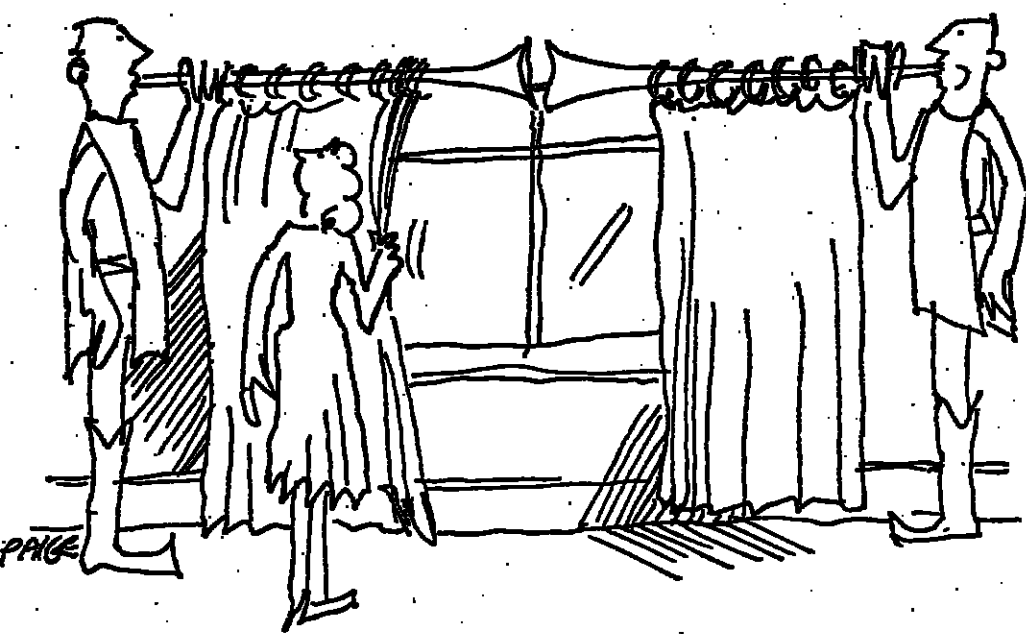
had recently acquired in London for a deposit of £150. Imagine it—three bedrooms, huge garden with orchard, two living rooms, kitchen, bathroom and all for £750—with a big garage and shed as well. You could not get the garage for that now.

I avoid lace or net curtains when and where I can, although one often cannot. But I must confess that Herald does some interesting things. They have some rather unusual curtain styles that look like those of many French cafés, referred to by them as their Victoria-and-Alberts. These are usually heavy nets with ornate borders hung to drape the full length of the sides, then short in the centre like either a peacock or a short curtain over a theatre proscenium. The curtained space is for the flower pots or jardinières that adorn so many windowsills and, since the plants are screens in themselves but want the light, these styles solve the problem of whether to hang the curtains behind the plants or before them, concealing them from inmates or from passers-by.

The patterns are a masterpiece of compromise and I must hardly add that I mean that in the most complimentary manner, with no hint of condescension. Intended as they are obviously attacking that impossible task of trying to be most things to most people and succeeding rather well. Neither the tasteful nor the rather ghastly intrude upon each other and, for all, what is ghastly to me may be the dream curtain to my neighbour. What I do commend is the ability to sell them some of the worse patterns do eventually die a natural death from lack of demand.

There are William Morris type patterns alongside cottage roses and dainty attic curtains. Yves St Laurent's geometry is there, next to rather less jazzy plains and stripes—not that the St Laurent looks jazzy in the right environment. There are some very good plain, wide striped materials with a slight sheen that is not a shine, and these look well lined. There are Jacobean, there are checks and there are florals, florals, florals. There are few plains because few want them, but there are some. If you are looking for the exotic, the outlandish, the ultra-modern, the over-stated, do not go there but go and be prepared to order if you want livable-with, well-made curtains. It is undoubtedly worth a visit for the free making-up in any case, since you can always leave if you cannot find what you want. They are inordinately proud of their tree of cushions made from factory remnants.

I make no apologies for giving Herald so much space, one to those readers who will still have to wait for local branches. Ask for your local, or get your name put on a list for being mailed when one does open near you, by writing to Mr William Bennett, Herald Curtain Shops, Tafford Road, Tottenham, London, N17 (01-801 6161), which is the factory. One point they told me they were trying to do in their specialist business what Marks and Spencer and Mothercare had done in theirs and I say they have not only made a good job of it but have added service ideas of their own. As for the fabrics—the ranges are similar to those you would find at most John Lewis branches though perhaps somewhat smaller. If you want to phone for your branch today—Saturday—ring up the Maidenhead branch (0628 21815). The factory reopens on Monday. Or try your telephone book.



Ventronic's leaflet carries the headline "The first in the world". But, before you expect me to write of some space-age marvel, let me tell you that the Ventronic is a 2-in-1 room heater, air cleaner, humidifier and so forth. Yes, you know them and so do I. You have never seen them as Ventronic does them.

First, the safety. Ventronic is foolproof from this point of view, so safe that you cannot open a single part without the whole thing switching off. Second, it is so simple you can buy one unit at a time if you want and they all clip or slot together so that there is automatic mating of power through from one unit to the next while you attach units merely by sliding rectangular "rings" into slotted grooves so that interlocking is as neat as for a couple of space-craft.

Ventronic is designed on the basis that one motor can drive a multitude of units so we start with the basic fan. It was in-

tended as the drive but, when demonstrated to groups of housewives, they wanted to buy it for itself, solely as a fan, because it looks so new and so neat, so original and so unobtrusive. Furthermore, the way all the components come apart is terrific—even the blade unit and the motor part company with a click.

It makes servicing a new concept since all you would ever need to do is to click out one part and drop it into the retailer, the result being inevitably cheaper as an on-the-spot replacement than any repair involving a house-call. So there is the fan, a kind of rounded square with no corners and a tucked-away plinth, in really tough high-impact plastic finished in a bronze colour that looks well against the black trim and components. Use it on shelf or table, on floor or anywhere since, unlike other fans, it has a washable filter mat to trap dust particles. It has two speeds—Com-

fort and Boost—and works at reasonable sound levels. It cannot be described as noisy but obviously rushing air makes a noise.

The price is the only bad news, since it is £32. Now that is dear for a mere fan but, although some people have bought it as such for the extra safety and its appearance, it is not a mere fan. It can be married to power the Air Steriliser with its ultra-violet "C" lamps to avoid a room full of bacteria, viruses, spores, mould and suchlike so that you breathe only purity. This one is naturally expensive at £167.63 (all prices include VAT) because anything that purifies air to this extent must be.

The Ventronic has more—it also incorporates a fan heater which, for the first time that I have heard of, cleans as it heats so that you get your air clean as well as warm. The price of this unit is a mere

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BUT that no-one is justified in the use of the word "error" in the title of an advertisement. It is a misnomer. It is a misnomer. It is a misnomer.

BIRTHS
BEALIE—On January 27th, to Diana (nee Downes) and Richard (nee) Bealies, a son, James.

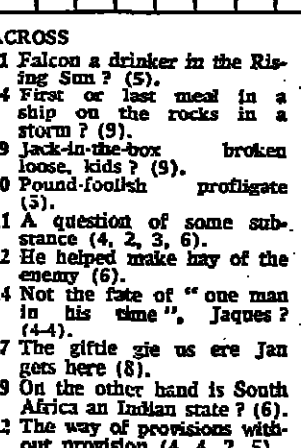
LAING—On January 27th, to Anne (nee) Laing and John (nee) Laing, a son, James.

NEUMAN—On January 27th, to John (nee) Neuman and Mary (nee) Neuman, a son, James.

TATE—On January 27th, to John (nee) Tate and Mary (nee) Tate, a son, James.

BIRTHDAYS
CRAIG—Happy birthday to your son and first in family, David. Love, Mum, Dad and Judith.

THE TIMES CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO 14,820



ACROSS
1 Follow a drinker in the Rising Sun? (5)
4 First or last meal in a ship on the rocks in a storm? (9)
9 Jack-in-the-box broken loose, kick? (9)
10 Pound-foolish profiteer? (5)
11 A question of some substance (4, 2, 3, 6)
12 He helped make hay of the century (6)
13 Not the fate of "one man in his time", Jacques? (4)
14 The fiddle gig we are Jan gets here (8)
15 On the other hand is South Africa an Indian state? (6)
16 The way of provisions without provision (4, 4, 5)
17 Old Penny in the red, Doc? (3)
18 Impudent young sail (3-6)
19 Citizens likely to rue their ways? (9)
20 Puss out to hire perhaps (5)
DOWN
1 Out of pocket is pressed to say for a time (4-5)
2 His castle in check, say? But he wrote in German (5)
3 Salesman gets an increase—again? (7)
4 Put up first part of house by (5)
5 Keen airborne observer? (5, 3)

BIRTHDAYS

GEORGE—Happy birthday, love Mum, Dad and Judith.

MARRIAGES
HAINES—On January 27th, to John (nee) Haines and Mary (nee) Haines, a son, James.

ROBERTSON—On January 27th, to John (nee) Robertson and Mary (nee) Robertson, a son, James.

WILSON—On January 27th, to John (nee) Wilson and Mary (nee) Wilson, a son, James.

DEATHS
BALINT, PAUL—On January 27th, to Paul (nee) Balint and Mary (nee) Balint, a son, James.

BOOTH—On January 27th, to John (nee) Booth and Mary (nee) Booth, a son, James.

BOURNE—On January 27th, to John (nee) Bourne and Mary (nee) Bourne, a son, James.

CHAMBERLAIN—On January 27th, to John (nee) Chamberlain and Mary (nee) Chamberlain, a son, James.

CATHERCOTE—On January 27th, to John (nee) Cathercote and Mary (nee) Cathercote, a son, James.

CHAMBERLAIN—On January 27th, to John (nee) Chamberlain and Mary (nee) Chamberlain, a son, James.

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DEATHS

PATTERSON—On January 24th, to John (nee) Patterson and Mary (nee) Patterson, a son, James.

PEARSON—On January 24th, to John (nee) Pearson and Mary (nee) Pearson, a son, James.

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In one long struggle to understand the causes of cancer, we are now in a position to offer a new and exciting way of fighting the disease.

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